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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Wonderful swift changes have come over the war since last week. It is as though the storming of Saisy-Sallisel by the French had been but a feint to draw attention off their cunningly-set plan on the Meuse, for suddenly they arose at Verdun and swept overpoweringly over the whole of the terrain won by the Germans since the close of May. They seized Thiaumont Works, Haudromont Quarries, and the far-famed Douaumont Fort—commander and all, after a fierce resistance—and ensconced themselves in their new-old quarters. Counter-attacks by the Germans, so far, have completely broken down; and "the stricken field", as the old English chroniclers were wont to describe the battleground won and held by the conqueror, remained with our Ally. "The dancing banners of the French" make a brave show, in truth, to-day.

So much for what we are inclined to call the beginning of the fourth, and perhaps final, stage of the giants' grapple at Verdun. France is easily the leader on the Allied side this week in the feat and mystery of war. But we, too, have had our modest little whack on the Somme, in spite of rain that turns shell holes into ponds and trenches into running brooks. The Kaiser, speaking to his soldiers at Cambrai, is reported as saying that they must overcome the "ambitious" British and the "insolent" French. "Ambitious" we accept in this connection. It is an apt term to express the way we got the enemy out of Thiepval and—sharing with the French—out of Combles. There distinctly was an ambition in both cases, i.e., a going round or about him. On Saturday we continued, more or less, the same process. We attacked between Schwaben Redoubt and Le Sars, took Stuff and Regina trenches and 1,034 prisoners—men and officers. The German official reports at once put it about that the British casualties over this operation were extremely heavy. Whereupon the Commander-in-Chief neatly counter-attacked in the duel by communiqué with the actual figures—1,200 British casualties to 1,034 German

prisoners. The German casualties have not been published.

Thus all goes capitally upon the Somme, where British strength, science, and strategy are being put to a splendid service; and where the crowning blessing of victory is going to come in due time. There is, however, one thing which has been against us, and in favour of the enemy, upon the Somme: the weather has been our vindictive foe there lately. We hope the people who placard themselves "Optimists" will pardon us when we say that the British and the French have had the worst of it lately in the weather. We pray for fine weather at harvest-time—might we not do likewise when our armies are dislodging and hammering the Germans upon the Somme?

We were glad to notice that in his message of last Sunday, in regard to the fine advance of the British between Schwaben Redoubt and Le Sars on the previous day, the Commander-in-Chief alluded to the slowness of our casualties. As a fact, our casualties for a long while past have been remarkably light, considering the success of operation after operation. Where we now succeed, despite light casualties, we were failing a year ago, despite heavy casualties. Compare, for example, Loos with any of these Somme operations.

There is good reason to believe, moreover, that the Germans are suffering more severely than ourselves, and this though in seventeen weeks' fighting on the Somme they have not had one single permanent success. Now if the Germans had never counter-attacked, if, on losing one position, they had simply retired to another, and so on, their casualties might well have been lighter than ours; but they have done nothing of the kind. It must be granted that, on the contrary, they have counter-attacked over and over again, often in strength, and with fierceness and resolution, as at the Schwaben Redoubt. Therefore they have been bound to suffer. They have steadily

lost ground, and they have not the consolation of having spared their men. It is most important to bear this incontrovertible fact in mind, though we are afraid it is not being borne in mind by some observers and commentators.

We have succeeded on the Somme, so far, in every objective up to the present line, and the cost to us in casualties has not been greater than the concurrent losses of the enemy, who have failed, so far, in every objective up to the present line. Is it to be wondered at that the German Press to-day is full of gall and bitterness over events on the Somme? Is it to be wondered at that just before the glorious capture of Sailly-Saillisel by the French, Wolff sent out an official military statement describing how the attack on that place had utterly failed, the Allies suffering record casualties? The story about the record casualties was pure trash.

Of all the enemy observations on the Somme campaign which we have read lately, that of the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" strikes us as the most comical. In a long article in its issue of 15 October its military expert announced that on the Somme the Germans were gloriously defeating France and Great Britain with their "strategic reserves" only! The main forces of the German armies, according to the "Neue Freie Presse", are being used for some other, but unspecified, purpose. "Strategic reserves" of the German Guard and of the men who held out so long at Thiéval is good!

At the present moment there are four armies that menace Roumania: a small one south of the Danube, a bigger one near Orsova, Falkenhayn's on the Transylvanian side, and Mackensen's in the Dobrudja. The Prime Minister hopes that the public will not take an unduly pessimistic view of the general situation. Roumania's Allies have taken, and are taking, all the concerted measures within their power to support her in the splendid struggle which she is making. The useful and necessary thing is to dwell on proved facts, and to pay no attention to surmises and prognostications. Only two months have passed since Roumania entered the war (27 August), yet a most varied sequence of events has happened, and its present results are favourable to the enemy.

Mackensen's renewed offensive began on 20 October; Tuzla was occupied next day, and on Monday the Germans announced the cutting of the trans-Dobrudja railway to the east of Murfatlar and the taking of Constanza, the Roumanian port on the Black Sea. On Wednesday morning our Allies lost the strategical bridgehead of Tchernavoda, where the huge Carol Bridge carried the line from Bukarest and from the west across the Danube and the marshes towards Constanza. A Reuter telegram from Bukarest says the bridge has been cut. The Russian Navy helped in the defence of Constanza, shelling the advancing foe and landing men to burn the grain elevators and the stores of cereals, flour, naphtha, kerosene, and benzine. But considerable booty seems to have fallen into the enemy's hands; the Bulgarians speak of tanks filled with oil and of plenished storehouses and sheds. Seventy interned Turkish vessels were set free, and 500 trucks captured, according to enemy reports.

Some political matters are associated with this crisis in the Dobrudja. It has been pointed out that Roumania from the outset declined to fight any battle but her own, and that she did not regard the Balkan War as her affair; hence she explicitly refused to concentrate her army against Bulgaria. It was against the Austro-Hungarians that her national interests directed her to fight, and she said so plainly to the Entente Powers. People speak confidently on these points, and Roumania's great sweep into Transylvania shows that

the Bukarest Cabinet was unsuspecting towards Bulgaria. The Dobrudja was regarded by Roumania as a sphere of minor importance, so the Bulgarians and the Germans poured troops into it, while Hindenburg prepared his counter-move against the Roumanian invasion of Transylvania.

This counter-move soon became the most serious effort against Roumania, whose troops were obliged to fall back to the passes that guard her territories. Great pressure is concentrated to-day on the valleys leading down into the Roumanian plain north and north-west of Bukarest, and Austro-German troops are advancing gradually in the Predeal Pass, are meeting with very tough opposition near the southern exit of the Törzburg Pass, and have seized the Vulcan and the Roter Turm Passes. In these neighbourhoods the fighting is on Roumanian territory. As for the northern passes into Moldavia, good news has come this week from these frontier outlets and inlets, the most recent official report stating that the enemy has been repulsed beyond the frontier, except at two points—between Sultza and the Trotus, and in a small portion of the Uzul Valley.

The persistent German efforts to influence neutral and foreign opinion are far more prominent than anything of the kind attempted in this country. The average Englishman gets hold of a fact and despises all who doubt about it, not knowing the power of insidious rhetoric or pure romance. As Viscount Grey said to the Foreign Press Association last Monday, words are but little in comparison with the work being done in the battlefield, but his well-considered and well-reasoned speech is important as a firm exposition of the cause of the war and the essential points of the Allied aims. To get the truth believed throughout the world at large is to render the greatest service to our cause.

Lord Grey pointed out that, precisely because the war was not forced upon Germany, but forced by Germany upon Europe, it is the Allies who must have guarantees for future peace, not Germany. All efforts for peace failed in July 1914 because Germany had the will to war. An offer, on disgraceful conditions, was made to England to keep out of the war. "Tactics so gross as that did not succeed"; the spirit of the nation settled that attempt. Now with our Allies we fall or stand together; "unity is essential, not merely to victory, but to our future life and success". Fighting for our lives, we have not much time to devote to international associations to secure peace, but such associations must be prepared not to undertake more than they are prepared to uphold by force. They must have national sentiment behind them.

Germany in this war has been the great anarchist, capable of horrors unheard of, introducing expedients unworthy of civilisation. She has broken all the rules, and "neutral nations have an interest in seeing that there shall be rules which shall be kept in future wars". This is a matter, in fact, in which all humanity is interested, and in so describing it Lord Grey is making a useful point instead of dreaming about an end to all wars after this one is over. This war will be over when we have secured the future peace of the Continent, freedom for the nations of Europe from the shadow of Prussian militarism. For this end, to get rid of this stifling oppression, "one young life after another goes to the front, mounts in spirit the heights of nobleness and courage, to which in ordinary times even a long life gives no opportunity of attaining. And on those heights many of them pass away, leaving often some record of the spirit with which they have met their death, which makes us doubly proud of them, although it adds to the poignancy of grief and sense of sorrow and loss. They are succeeded by others, and yet by others, and will be as long as the effort is required—a long procession

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from all our countries of men who die but who do not fail, because their life and the manner of their death is a glorious success."

"We are with you to the last minute, and, if necessary, to the last man", was Lord Derby's message to the French, delivered through the "Journal" on Thursday. That was finely put, and there is no mistaking the value of it, coming from one who did more by speeches and personal exertions to raise whole Divisions and Army Corps in the first half of the war than any man in England. It is satisfactory, moreover, to find Lord Derby—who, to put it mildly, knows rather well about these things through close personal experience of them for a long time—insisting that, in choosing the men who will soon be needed to keep our armies in France up to strength, we must be very careful not to affect adversely the supply of munitions—of shells and guns, etc. There are certainly many young men in the munition factories who should be brought into the Army, for in their present work they are not essential by any means; indeed, many of them are doing, more or less, women's work. But youth and physical strength are absolutely essential in many departments of munition making, and the men who possess these should, on no account, be moved from their present work. We had far too much of that kind of spasmodic and unscientific recruiting during the first year or so of the war: men joined up from munition factories who ought to have been forbidden by law to do so; whilst others would not join who, of course, ought to have been compelled by law to do so. In recruiting our armies to-day, the warning that "war is a young man's game" ought to be borne well in mind. Men of forty-one are often past the right age for a stiff campaign: it is far better to catch them younger.

The startling news came on Sunday last that Count Stuerghk, Prime Minister of the Austrian dominions, had been murdered when he was sitting at dinner. Five shots were fired by a man named Adler, the publisher of a review. The outrage is generally connected with the agitation for the reassembly of the Austrian House of Deputies, which was closed by the Count in March 1914. This action, and the exercise of a drastic censorship, were bitterly resented by the public, and particularly by those who objected to the growing predominance of Hungary. The divergences of opinion in the Dual Monarchy are now likely to be emphasised. The Press can hardly be muzzled indefinitely.

Mr. Herbert Samuel on Monday last, at the Home Office, laid some depressing figures concerning juvenile offenders before a gathering of authorities on the reform and organisation of the young. Inquiries a few months ago in seventeen great towns indicated an average increase of 30 per cent. in such offenders. The causes, he thought, were fairly well recognised; a spirit of adventure encouraged by the war, the chances offered by dark streets, and the weakening of parental control caused by the absence of so many fathers on war service. There was also the influence of cinema shows. We have already spoken plainly about the exhibition and glorification of the cult of the revolver, as un-English a business as can well be imagined. But, apart from all loss of the usual control necessitated by war conditions, we fear that the modern parent too often does not attempt to exert any discipline over his child. Discipline is not in accordance with the ideas of the rising or recently risen generation. Let us hope that one lesson of the war will be to teach better sense in this matter.

Mr. Asquith's address on Wednesday to a national conference of representatives of the coal-mining industry dealt in a plain and effective way with a matter of the utmost importance. He spoke "as a practical man addressing practical men in a great national emergency". Since the war began there has been

a progressive decrease in the output of coal. It has fallen from 287 millions of tons to 253 millions, and the demand is in excess of the supply. The deficiency is mainly due to the loss of miners who have joined the Colours—285,000 up to last June. Workers from outside have reduced this depletion to 153,000.

In the present struggle coal is only second in importance to men. It is essential in the manufacture of munitions and high explosives, in motive power on land or on sea, and South Wales supplies our Navy. As for export, in the opinion of the Coal-mining Organisation Committee it has been reduced to a dangerously low figure, because our coal supplies our Allies, and because it is exchanged with neutrals for iron and steel we specially need, and for food and agricultural produce. Coal, in fact, plays an inestimable part in the war. The importance of an ample surplus of it cannot therefore be exaggerated.

How can this be achieved? Mr. Asquith said that the Government had obtained the return of 11,000 ex-miners serving in the Army at home to resume their old work, and that the most urgent of remedial measures was the reduction of absenteeism. Were all the avoidable loss by non-attendance made good, it would practically make good the deficiency in the output. It is want of thought rather than want of patriotism which is responsible for this slackness, and, now that the issue has been clearly stated, there should be no question about the spirit in which work is done and maintained.

On Wednesday, Mr. Pretymann brought in a Bill to prohibit the use of the word "Anzac" in connection with any trade, business, calling or profession. We welcome this belated attempt to preserve a word of which every Englishman has reason to be proud from commercial degradation. The Empire and the English flag ought long since to have been similarly protected. Flags are preserved in our churches as the sacred symbols of those who have fought and died for their country. But we have seen them made into a coat to advertise a cheapjack. Such usage supports the contention that we are a nation of shopkeepers.

If anyone fails to realise the splendid spirit of our Army, he has only to read the lists of V.C.'s which appear from time to time to see what that Army is capable of. The latest list, published yesterday, tells once more the tale of wonderful nerve and resolution, quickness to grasp the one chance, superhuman courage. Captain Barnsley Allen runs across the open under heavy fire, tends the wounded, and saves many from bleeding to death; hit four times during the first hour, with two ribs fractured he goes on till the last man is safe, and says nothing of his own wounds. Captain Godfrey Chavasse works all day indefatigably at similar rescues, carries an urgent case 500 yards, and saves three wounded men 25 yards from the enemy's trenches. Private Leo Clarke puts to flight a counter-attack of 20 men, though wounded by a bayonet. Private Thomas Jones finishes a sniper at 200 yards; he finishes two more of the enemy who fire at him after displaying a white flag. Then he reaches an enemy trench, *single-handed disarms 102 of them*, including three or four officers, and marches them back to our lines through a heavy barrage. We have to go back to the legendary exploits of King Arthur to equal a feat so amazing.

"I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first  
I ask not: but, unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,  
In some time—his good time—I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"  
BROWNING: "PARACELSUS".

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## ROUMANIA AND VERDUN.

THE struggle of the nations has never been of such enthralling interest as it is to-day. There have been fractions of it in the past which have held one spellbound. There was the landing of the British and French at the beaches of Gallipoli on 25 April 1915, crammed with incident, such as that of the "River Clyde". The very early days of the struggle, with the slaughter on the glaciés at the Liège forts; the amazing turn-back of the German armies to the Marne and Aisne in the midst of their romping success and momentum; the touch-and-go situation when the same armies menaced the Channel ports—for intense and concentrated interest those actions could not be surpassed. There have been phases, too, not less sensational on and off throughout the grapple in the East, when the armies of Russia were in peril during the great drive through Poland last year; though these were usually too obscure and remote for our own people to visualise at all clearly: they knew more about the Western campaigns, and so they felt more—a fact which, no doubt, applies equally to the watching attitude of the East towards the West. It has not been a question for a moment of lack of sympathy and loyalty of the Allies towards one another; but simply that fractions of the war have been forced home naturally in varying degrees of interest at times on watchers in different theatres.

But to-day the whole struggle seizes on the attention in a way it has scarcely done before. There has been no contrast so violent and perplexing as that which is presented through the defeats Germany is suffering in France and the victories she is achieving in Roumania. Defeat and victory are the right words, rather than failure and success. Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, and virtually within the space of twenty-four hours, the news comes that not only Constanza but Tchernavoda, too, has fallen to the enemy; whilst, at the same time, wires and wireless are living with the news that we are back again to something like the position of the end of May as regards Verdun, the French having rushed on the Germans there irresistibly and regained Thiaumont, Haudromont, Douaumont. The poor old wars of the past—we fear future generations for long to come will regard them much as the man with burning vital interests and with pressing human problems to be solved regards the Greek accents or the proddings in the ear of Dr. Dryasdust, our local antiquary. Happy France, to have had a Napoleon! He, at any rate, is not to be relegated yet awhile to the Wars of the Roses. Tolstoy attempted to write him down, one remembers, in "Peace and War"; but, if one may say so without disrespect to the fine leaders on various fronts to-day, events are signally writing Napoleon up. Napoleon's legions have been dwarfed; but his genius—no.

Verdun, with its startling transformation scene from the end of October to the end of May, and Tchernavoda following Constanza before there is time to turn from the morning's news to the afternoon's, rather take the breath away. Yet there is no need to desert the common sense view that the chief British business in hand is resolutely to continue in our well-doing on the rivers Somme and Ancre. We cannot drop an army out of the clouds—despite our mastery in the air—to bar the way of Mackensen in the Dobrudja. Little packets have not been remarkably useful or acceptable to the Allied cause, as the experience of two years tells us. Moreover, in this instance there

is not even a way to deliver the packet, were we to make it up. Besides, the Somme affair continues to go uncommonly well, when it is not raining too hard. Some papers would stint our armies on the Somme, and suggest that we had better not put too many eggs in one basket: they apparently would like to see the eggs laid down in lime and kept in storage thus throughout the next few months. That is a curious line; but happily for the Allies (and unhappily for Germany) the British people, the British Government, and the British Army have clearly not the slightest intention to take it. The feeling of the nation is overwhelmingly in favour of supplying in abundance the material by which the splendid operations in France can be carried through.

## PENSIONS AND PROCRASTINATIONS.

"*ANNO Diaboli III.*": such was the heading that greeted us at the top of a letter the other day instead of the familiar "1916". There has been plenty, indeed, to ascribe to the Devil since the war began; but it would be more practical to consider how far irresolution and a tendency in high places to dodge and palter with vital issues have been responsible for our failures, or have aggravated our deficiencies. Looking on the other side, we can see that we have gained a new clarity of vision from our trials. Costly the experience has been, but we see more than we did in the bad old days. We know now what our fighting forces mean to the country. The Widow's Uniform, to use Mr. Kipling's irreverent description, was not always in the nineteenth century a passport to good treatment, and the refrain of "Tommy" in the "Barrack-Room Ballads" ended with:

"For it's 'Tommy this' an' 'Tommy that', an'  
'Chuck him out, the brute!'  
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns  
begin to shoot".

Even after the Boer War the attention paid to our soldiers was lamentably insufficient, and there were many cases of hardship.

Such scandals are not likely to be repeated now; our soldiers and sailors have proved their worth, and the nation feels that nothing is too much to do for them. Hence the isolated cases in which pensions and allowances have been delayed and have caused distress have created a good deal of indignation and surprise. They have been ascribed to a devilish and cynical indifference concerning those who have finished their fighting work.

We shall deal with these cases directly, but first we wish to state clearly the light in which we regard all such pensions, and the means by which they are bestowed. Johnson, himself a political pensioner, allowed a definition of "pension" to stand in his Dictionary which spoke of "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country". But the fighting man's pension is a very different affair. It is, we hold, as much the soldier's due as his pay when he is on active service. It is owed to him by the State, and we think it much better that, as far as possible, the State should pay it. We would not for a moment discourage the fine efforts of private charity, but such charity is apt to go with an air of superiority in its dispensers, and an interference with the freedom of the recipient which cannot be tolerated in the case of our soldiers. When they receive their due, and only their due, the transaction does not give the worthy people who hand it to them the right to inquire—again we quote Mr. Kipling's caustic vernacular—"Tommy, 'ow's your soul?" or to interfere in any way with their lives. This applies to every form of assistance which our fighting men receive.

And why do they not receive it as regularly as the supply we get daily from the London water

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companies? The noble speech of Pericles in eulogy of the fallen, someone will say, explains that their sons will be educated at the public expense, in order, be it noted, to take up frontier duty in due time as a preparation for full fighting manhood. How should we, with all the advance of our boasted civilisation, do less? The question is worth considering, in view of what is being proposed for our officers' sons; but the main practical point is that these things were easily arranged in ancient Athens because Attica was so small. The genius of the Athenians has left so wide a mark on art and literature that we do not realise how few of them there were, according to modern standards of population. Suffice it to say that before the war a crowd larger than the entire population of Attica, according to the estimates we remember, frequently attended a single football match in one of our big centres of manufacture. To-day our Army has risen to millions, and in dealing with such huge numbers delays, mistakes, and anomalies are inevitable. Everyone regrets them, and no wise man wishes in war time to make matter for exacerbation out of them.

But it is possible to improve the working of the present system or systems in vogue, and the Government has at last gone the right way to do it, though it might well go further. Some years ago a man in sole charge of the technical side of a business needing experience was summoned by the proprietor of it, who was in failing health, to consult about the future. The proprietor proposed a board of management, of which the man in charge was not even chairman; the man in charge replied that Noah's Ark was, he believed, built by Noah, not by a committee of the Chosen People. He thought that as the only responsible head qualified to do the work he was entitled to be the head, and that the business would gain by bearing the impress of a single governing mind. He was in the event heavily penalised for this expression of his views, but we think that he was right. A single and responsible head is the best thing for a big business.

Therefore the public will heartily welcome Mr. Henderson's appointment as Minister of Pensions. We viewed with some dissatisfaction the earlier divergence of duties which made him Labour Minister to the Government and Minister of Education as well. Labour is a big subject, and education is a bigger. Either would surely be enough to occupy a statesman's entire energies. Now we hope that no external committees or other avocations will take Mr. Henderson away from his new and absorbing duties. He has public opinion behind him, and he should be able, by resolute adherence to business, to cut a few Gordian knots of red tape which have been hitherto a serious nuisance. But, though we must wait for details of the scheme proposed, we regret in principle any separation of pensions for our fighting men from the sphere of the one and responsible head, and under the title of our fighting men we include sailors as well as soldiers. So far as possible, the existing anomalies in the treatment of our two equal and equally splendid exponents of warfare should be reduced. The rivalry between the two is natural, but it should not, in this great crisis, lead to bickerings and odious comparisons of merit and the rewards which it acquires. Mr. Henderson has of late had ample experience of the working of the Board of Commissioners of the Royal Chelsea Hospital, who are responsible for pensions to disabled soldiers. We do not see any reason why he should supervise the operations of the Civil Liabilities Commissioners, but we urge that, with all his time at his disposal, he should manage the whole business of pensions and assistance to our fighting men, their children, and dependents. We are sorry to gather that there is some notion of retaining the Statutory Committee. A subordinate in the House is a good idea, for he will be able to answer the endless questions which the more restless of our legislators conceive to be necessary for their own reputation and the welfare of the nation. The Government should

choose a new Labour Adviser and leave Mr. Henderson his whole time.

In the arrangement we propose there may be difficulties which we do not perceive, but difficulties of administration have a way of disappearing in this war. Such action would, at any rate, be justified in principle, and it would certainly be welcomed by the large public which is confused by the Governmental wealth of committees, and has had no particular reason to suppose that their divided responsibility and propensity for delay have been to the advantage of the nation. A single man set down to work cannot help working; a committee set down to talk may talk for a long time, and frequently does. And when its deliberations have been published there is no guarantee that they will be translated into action. All this deliberation, irresolution, procrastination is dangerous to the country's needs. It might have been fatal: "the night cometh". We wish Mr. Henderson good luck in his work.

#### OCTOBER IN THREE YEARS.

NOW that the third winter has begun to settle down on many battle-lines, either in frost and snow, or in cold rain and clashing mud, it is worth while to remember what the month of October has been to the Entente Allies since the tremendous days of September 1914. To get fully in touch again with past events of the war it is quite necessary to revive old memories concerning forgotten records. Time given to this research is not by any means a pleasant time, because a student learns that commentators on the incoming news from battlefields have been usually as wrong as they were confident, with the result that they have misled their eager and excited public. After the fall of Erzerum we ventured to say that "no military event in the present war has had all the consequences which the best judges have expected from its action and inaction"; but wrong deduction in a time of crisis appears to be inevitable, as every intense emotion either magnifies or diminishes the event around which it plays. Truth is quiet, and a mind must be quiet in order to see the truth. Those who talked without caution in October 1914 often continued to be incautious a year later, though their forecasts had all been wrong; and their starting-point of error was either a myth circulated from a neutral country or a reluctance to say no more than the official news justified.

Two years ago the British people were encouraged to look upon Austria as exhausted, because of the defeats she suffered in September. Lemberg fell on 3 September, five days before the battle of the Marne began; and a month later, when Russian troops broke through the Carpathian passes into Hungary, the "collapse" of the Dual Empire was believed to be self-evident, and the German Empire was said to be "menaced", though Antwerp fell on 9 October, and though great German armies were advancing through Southern Poland to see what they could do against the Russians on the Vistula. This counter-thrust was regarded as audacious, and the public was told on 5 October that of all the miscalculations of Germany the greatest must prove to be her exaggerated belief in her military strength. It was the undue elation of October 1914 that confirmed the British people in their hostile attitude towards national service.

Looking back over two years it is extraordinary to note the way in which misreadings of the war news poured into circulation. As soon as one rash hope was dispelled by events, another rose up and had its vogue. Thus the chivalric thrust of Russia, which brought such precious relief to France in September, was thrown out of perspective by extravagant statements about the Russian steam-roller; then the failure of the German dash into Poland raised over-sanguine expectations of another sort. The first three months of the war made the British people much too effervescent in their opinions, while Germany was compelled

by failures to recognise the faults of her military system. Retreats tempered her self-conceit with caution, and made her alert and wide-awake in the reorganisation of her munition factories; while the British rhapsodies over good news, united to the British reluctance to follow bad news sternly to its real causes, prepared the way for bitter disenchantments.

Two years ago, when the battle for Calais raged, with inevitable fluctuations in the fighting line, omniscients of the passing moment were certain that Germany would lose all if she failed to reach the French coast. This singular idea was borrowed from a Berlin paper, which declared that the battle between Lille and Dunkirk was a matter of life or death for Germany, because it would determine the fate of the German operations in France. People looked upon this statement as quite sincere, and a great journal said: "We have reason to believe that it is probably accurate". There were always many assumed reasons for a belief in prophesying rashness. The Kaiser's prestige in Germany was waning fast two years ago, according to some opinions. Yet what useful purpose could be served by asking the British people to occupy themselves with fanciful views about a waning Kaiser instead of giving their whole attention to the three years' war for which Lord Kitchener was preparing?

A useful rule of war has been forgotten in many quarters for six and twenty months: That nations in war, like soldiers on a forced march, should never think of the long miles ahead. By October 1914 our country had begun to occupy herself with the future, and even with visions of endless centuries freed from the perils of war. This mood lasted through the disenchantments of 1915, when she preferred those writers and speakers who hated "conscription", worried little over the shortage of shells, and discovered a lack of patriotism in all candid and fearless criticism. What Englishman would wish to return to the events of last year?

But we note with pleasure that the main event in October of last year—the deadly menace to Serbia—raised no crop of sanguine myths. It was unusually understood, unlike the position in Gallipoli, and by the end of the month a most heroic little country was doomed, Bulgarians closing in upon her from the east and Austro-Germans from the north. Only two rapid thrusts in this war have been successful; the first ravaged Belgium and the second Serbia. All the others have miscarried; and hence we have all many reasons to rejoice that the advance on the Somme has been a crushing pressure, a series of tremendous blows in the same countryside, always favourable to the movement of big guns and to the transport of necessary shells. Loos was a partial failure because it was a dash forward, not a persistent and co-ordinated conquest. On both sides of the Somme the Allied strategy has been so patient, and the co-ordination so admirable, that the Germans, for the first time, have been unable to make an effective rally. Not only have they been driven from village to village, from redoubt to redoubt; they have never recaptured their lost positions, and their casualties have been heavier than those of the Franco-British. These facts are obvious, and they show that France and the British Empire are coming by their own through the unhurried valour of their troops.

The end will look after itself if we all concentrate on the middle, as Sir William Robertson said last week; but many persons still forget that concentration must never pass from facts into sanguine dreams or into gloom.

As for the victory Germany and her Allies have won against the Roumanians, it comes from a series of thrusts, and caution forbids speculation. There is no tendency anywhere to understate the present position of Roumania, and the Allied strategy will do all that can be done—not without success, we may all hope and believe, as no similar thrusts have achieved their end in this war when opposed by great and persistent forces.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 117) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

### I.—CRITICAL DAYS AHEAD.

THE plain, unvarnished stories that periodically find their way from General Headquarters of both the French and British Armies in the West leave the student of war in no doubt as to its successful progress. Not that the pen of the correspondent does not occasionally freshen us up with some lively touches as to the brave doings of individuals and units. The official view tells us of the marvellous state of perfection which our Armies have reached, now that they are put upon a professional and technical level with their opponent; but, better still, the report bears between the lines the index of the presence among the leaders of that inestimable military virtue of initiative, perhaps the most surprising thing to expect from new leaders in a new army, serving under totally new conditions, surrounded with new appliances for war, and opposed to a foe who has created and mastered all the subtleties of modern battle. We can detect the presence of brains being put into the struggle. To possess the strategic initiative in a theatre of war is the first step towards victory. To show initiative when armies are locked in deadly strife is to prove the existence of a moral superiority over the enemy. It is the ladder to triumph, unless the possessors of this moral are cheated by their own countrymen. The proof of the exercise of this initiative on the Somme battlefield is shown by the report of the frequent occasions when, instead of launching our troops to the direct front in some costly venture, a sideway has been tried, by means of which the enemy has been surrounded and forced to evacuate a powerful position at little cost to the conqueror. A manoeuvre form of trench warfare has insensibly crept into practice. The timely co-operation of the artillery with the infantry has been truly marvellous and accurate, and this perfection of combination is almost wholly and entirely due to the effective air service. It is in vain that the German, driven from the skies, protests and hopes "that it will be possible at least for some hours to contest the supremacy of the air with the enemy". Information in war is the basis of success, and our incomparable airmen have not only taught themselves how to work with unflinching accuracy with the guns, but have also denied the enemy the smallest opportunity of interference from the skies. We must be grateful, further, to our Royal Flying Corps in the task that it has undertaken in demoralising the hostile organisation well behind the firing lines. The enemy's arrangements have been broken up, his reserves and supplies of food and ammunition, as well as his convoys and reliefs, have been interfered with. He has been allowed no rest by night or day, and his moral has been shaken by that constant wearing down which is so fatal to success in battle. Step by step we have mastered the best of war lessons from the German. We have added to this knowledge acquired from him the best of our own, and there can be no doubtful issue to the struggle, if we maintain that superiority which it has cost us so much blood and treasure to gain.

As the conflict has raged in the vicinity of the Somme, and we have pushed the German from one strong position to another, we have been apt to extol our victories as successive ridges have been mastered. The Allies now stand upon the so-called fourth ridge, which dominates the goal of their strategic ambition. Beyond these lines of defence lies a fine rolling country



of open downs, with small molehill-shaped elevations lying dotted among the farms; but, on the whole, the terrain has a tendency to slope downwards east and north-eastwards. We question if such a nature of broken terrain affords much advantage to the attacker. Command of ground is always, of course, a great help in the offensive, in that it confers increased powers of observation; but when assaulting columns are launched, with a journey of several miles of gentle undulations to traverse before surmounting the next opposing ridge, the punishment is apt to be somewhat severe. In 1870, at St. Privat, 6,000 of the Prussian Guard Corps bit the dust in twenty minutes in the attempt to traverse the natural glacis that led to the French breastwork. It was an appallingly speedy method of thinning the ranks, even in those days of needle-guns and chassepots. For one who studied the terrain on the anniversary of that great battle, it is difficult to conceive of ground more unfavourable for attack in every imaginable form, and yet the fighting terrain was no prepared one. One thing alone was wanting to make it a perfect battlefield for the French—the light—and that, unfortunately, faced them.

These down-graded fields of battle, interspersed with hillocks, require a tactical disposition of their own. For night operations, the assailant who can force his opponent into the position of silhouette has much in his favour. With a well-thought-out scheme, and with well-drilled and disciplined forces, it is no very difficult undertaking. Now that our troops are on the move, slowly but surely, we shall not be surprised if we hear of plentiful devices to overcome most difficulties, for this movement eastward, however slow it may be, must be continuous. A triumph can only be secured if all the armies on the principal fronts are dominated by one idea—to keep moving in the direction in which they can best drive the largest number of the enemy away from strategic centres.

Germany's failure to crush either Russia in 1915 or France in February 1916 left her with huge gaps in her ranks, with crowded hospitals, and with depleted stores of munitions. It left her with fronts of enormous length to defend, both in the East and in the West, and with her inferiority of population on which to draw, it was only a question of time as to when the resources of the Alliance would prove too much for her if intelligently handled. It left her almost depleted of strategic reserves. Military pride was permitted to assert itself, and the result was that the German forces elected to remain where they stood and to fight it out on captured foreign soil. The dread of the moral effect of a retirement has overborne the military considerations, which will shortly call for a decision. The question will before long arise, if they want to retire, can they do so with impunity? It will be the great manoeuvre of history should they succeed, equalled only by the dashing vigour that they displayed in the advance with which they began the war.

Critical days loom before Germany in the West, critical as to whether she can manoeuvre her armies back from the advanced positions that she holds in France, in the interminable number of salients and loops that she has held for well-nigh two years. To extricate an army from a difficulty is the duty of a fresh army. Germany has to create this force, and, as far as we know, can only do so at the expense of her units now in the fighting line. The present Allied pressure on the Somme gives her a task that she can barely meet. The magnificent thrust made by the French in the valley of the Meuse is proof positive that

Germany is being severely taxed to maintain a bold front. Along many miles in other sectors nothing but a sea of barbed wire lies between the opponents, and German skeleton formations stand behind. She could hardly face a duplicate of the trial now raging on the Somme. A further push from Verdun on the part of our Ally would act as a stunning blow to German moral. It is indispensable, therefore, that not a spare moment of time should be afforded to our opponent in the West for facilitating his work of preparation. He has got to shift, and he knows it, and, costly though it may be, his difficulties will be enhanced if we continue our movement on the Somme during the winter in the same successful manner as it has been carried out during the short summer season. To keep the German line moving in retreat to its second selected strategic line of defence without inflicting upon her armies a smashing blow is unthinkable. We have no doubt that the Allied Commanders have arranged for this. This war has afforded such a scope for novelties that we may be sure many intellects are at work on both sides to frustrate the purpose of the other. Germany, in her enforced retrograde, will carry with her all the stigma of moral defeat. Let us hope that in the same movement she will bear the marks of a sound and punishing military reverse. We on our side must concentrate our ideas on planning more victories, thanks to the opportunities which Germany must present in the near critical days which are before her in the West. We cannot afford to leave her alone.

## II.—ROUMANIA.

It would be foolish to ignore the situation in Roumania, and the part which it plays in the general strategy of the Allies. Roumania, when she stood out of the war, fulfilled a military purpose favourable to us. Her long frontier demanded watching, and a considerable number of inferior enemy soldiers who would be useless elsewhere were detailed for the purpose. Roumania entered the war lists at a moment of her own choosing. An army that has not tasted blood for many years can hardly be expected to stand up to veterans with two years' experience of the appliances known to all, which lead to the gateway of Hell. From all accounts, Roumania was not thoroughly equipped, and in near on eight weeks of war has not discovered a genius. Her aspirations in the world war were focused in Transylvania, where she hoped to regain control over her six million or more countrymen. Her passage over the passes was smooth until she bumped into German-led troops. It is her grave misfortune that she is confronted with armies led by the best generals Germany possesses. Falkenhayn and Mackensen can be trusted to carry out von Hindenburg's orders to the letter, provided sufficient numbers are placed at their disposal. Mackensen in the Dobrudja has Turks and Bulgarians to draw upon. His opponent has Russians to assist him in his task.

By the capture of the railway at Constanza by Mackensen the first part of von Hindenburg's design may be said to have been accomplished. The Dobrudja, however, is not Roumania. It possesses none of the agricultural riches which go to make the wealth of the little Latin kingdom; but as a German help towards defeating the Roumanian Army its value is considerable. The design of the campaign gradually unfolds itself when we study the western frontier. The position in the Carpathians at present is none too clear. A halt seems to have been called by Falkenhayn

when in possession of the summits of the passes. Has the German reservoir of men run dry? Has Hindenburg made a miscalculation in the number of efficient German divisions that he can collect? Has the French coup at Verdun made him think? His reputation before the world is at stake. Unless he defeats the Roumanian Army, and destroys it, his efforts are in vain. On his left flank stand Brusiloff's armies, with all the thrill of victory coursing through their veins.

Truly Roumania has critical days before her, but are not Germany's equally critical, both in the East and the West? It remains in the Allies' hands to make them doubly so. East and West they are confronted with the same difficulty as the Germans—men, and more men. If Hindenburg can get what he requires for Falkenhayn, Roumania will perish in a forceps. But in the search for the means he may leave an opening which may bring down the whole German scheme, East and West, with a crash which will reverberate for centuries. We may, indeed, call these days critical when we realise that Roumania in German hands would free Turkey and Bulgaria for action elsewhere, and would furnish supplies for the Central Powers for at least another twelve months. Let the Allies realise this, and especially Great Britain with her paltry quarrels about the methods of raising men and yet more men.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE CASE AGAINST GERMAN MUSIC.

By JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

#### II.

IT may be interesting to give a few particulars as to why the music of this country is practically unknown by our own people and by the people—of course—of foreign countries. That it is unknown is true, is sad enough, and could be easily remedied; but whether the ailment at the roots—namely, lack of interest—can be remedied I very much doubt. At least, I fear it cannot be remedied for a very considerable number of years.

There is not the slightest need in these isles for German music. We could well do without any Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Brahms, Strauss, and the rest for the next ten years. We could use our own; there is a goodly school. We could intersperse it with good Russian, French, and Italian, and be heavy gainers on the deal. This suggestion will not meet with much approval from our German students or from our Academy or our Royal College of Music. These institutions do their best to keep the German fetish strong in this country, and continue to do so, despite the war. Not one German professor has been removed from these schools since the war began!

The Trinity College of London has a German orchestral conductor for its students' orchestra even now, in spite of our gifted men like Hamilton Harty, J. Harrison, E. Goossens, B. Cameron, and others.

We have a great deal to go through before our own musicians will try a new régime. The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall have recently given a great deal of Wagner, which should not have been allowed by the audiences. No other country would listen to it; and their own musical art has not been stultified, like ours, for the past hundred years.

The wretched position of our music has been consolidated by our own musicians, especially our conductors. They even assert that the inclusion of a native work in any programme will keep away many

people—an assertion I, with others, do not in the least credit. To such a pass has their prejudice brought them!

Some years ago my work and the work of many others was much represented in orchestral programmes, to very enthusiastic applause. These works were being tried only for the first time; yet none of them has ever been repeated. The public in this country know my work by the variations on "Three Blind Mice"!

The whole cure for this state of affairs seems to lie with our conductors. To give regularly in every programme by an orchestra or a soloist in this country one or two native works of importance would slowly and surely kill the prejudice or indifference which now exists among our music lovers.

But let us see what Brighton encourages. In a week's programme there is not one single native work except two shoddy ballads! The names in music favoured by Mr. Lyell-Taylor, the conductor, are: Bizet, Sibelius, Beethoven, Debussy, Grimshaw, Saint-Saëns, Howgill, Soloman, Svensden, Lacombe, Massenet, Gounod, Delibes, Fetras, Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Verdi, Brahms—with two popular ballad writers!

A reader can examine the programme of any popular seaside place in this country at present and find the same thing going on everywhere. If you called the attention of the conductor to this he would tell you that there is no light music by Britons; yet Mr. Norman O'Niell, at the Haymarket Theatre, has been playing charming works by our composers for years past. Indeed, this theatre boasts the most interesting music of all our London theatres, and the best performances. Not at the Coliseum, nor the Empire, nor the Alhambra, nor the Palladium, nor at any other hall where our people go in their thousands will you hear any other music by the orchestra but rubbish and foreign rubbish.

Certainly at the present time, if any money is forthcoming for good music, it should be for British music, yet everyone can see it is not so. Recently some operas were given at a London theatre, and our singers, who had never sung in Italian in their lives, and who could not address one sentence in the language, were found singing in "Otello" and other operas. Not a single daily paper protested at this ridiculous performance, and no other country in the world would tolerate it; yet, with our own fine, virile language, we listen to this without being even amused by the imbecility of it. Whenever a national event of importance has to be treated with music the most futile music is found, and foreigners sum us up by what they hear on these important occasions, the only time they do hear any of our musical work.

If we are abroad we are given on such occasions marches by Wagner and Strauss, or Saint-Saëns, and nearly always fine work.

Our procedure in music is typical of our procedure in various other things. No one has any idea what to do. But by accident, or by universal public prodding, things are done, after a fashion. As Lloyd George said: "We are the worst organised country in the world".

Some years ago I invited Sir Thomas Beecham (then unknown to fame), who was conducting Mozart at the Bechstein Hall with a small orchestra, to tackle my symphony, "Apollo and the Seaman", scored for a very large orchestra, and given twice at the Queen's Hall. We found a band, and he rehearsed heavily,

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and gave it a fine performance. In his innumerable concerts since he has never played this work again. It is possibly a bad work, yet, if the public and the Press are any criterion, it is nearly a wonder work, so that cannot be the reason of this strange treatment, which is exactly the same as fine works of our composers have received, given by Sir Henry Wood to tumultuous applause—and never played again. True, we have not in this country many fine orchestras; but, if we had, the same fearful kind of palpitating enthusiasm would be practised on our young writers, to their utter confusion, and the firm indifference of the public, and what wonder? While our people can listen without protest to a month's fine music at the Queen's Hall, at the present day—with a few short works by Britons thrown in, the character of which is not in the least representative or uplifting, and only played, in any case, *once*—there is no hope for us in the musical world.

YBPIΣ AND NEMESIS.

By H. J. MARSHALL.

THE Greek word "hubris" has no English equivalent. It signifies a mixture of violence and arrogance which is foreign to the English nature; it does not thrive with manliness and humour, which are the chief English characteristics. One does not associate it with King Arthur, or the great Elizabethans, or Nelson, or Roberts, whom we English admire and strive to copy. It was opposed to the Greek moderation of the great days of Athens, and was considered unlucky, and a forerunner of disaster.

Yet Athens, just before her downfall, gave to the world the most memorable example of "hubris" until recent history. In the year 416 B.C. an event happened, insignificant in itself, yet foretelling the downfall of Athens, now so close at hand. It was the siege and capture of the small town of Melos, on an island in the Ægean, to which Thucydides devotes twenty-six chapters in the most significant portion of his narrative—immediately preceding the disastrous expedition to Syracuse. Why should Thucydides dwell so long upon so apparently trifling an event as the massacre of a few score men and the enslavement of a hundred or so women and children, when he is about to tell the ruin that befell Athens? Why, also, should such an event kindle in Euripides during that fateful winter the sternest and most impressive of all his tragedies, "The Trojan Women"? Perhaps 2,000 years hence some reader, turning over the pages of a modern Thucydides, will ask the same question when he begins to read the narrative of the German war. Why, with such tremendous events impending as the disaster which befell Europe, and the irretrievable downfall of Germany from her place among the brotherhood of nations, should so large a space be given to the harrowing of Belgium and to a German matter-of-fact speech on "A Scrap of Paper"? For the answer in both cases would be precisely the same. This war on Melos is a typical example of the "hubris" into which the Athenian State had fallen. It was the kind of sin which alone explained the terrible punishment which befell her.

When the Melian dialogue opens the Athenian envoys have come to say that Melos, being a small island necessary to Athens, must surrender her freedom. They proceed: "We Athenians will use no fine words. Nor is this any time for idle fancies. You must face facts and consider how best you may save your city. We will not go out of our way to prove that we attack you because you do us any injury. We should not convince you if we did. It suffices to say Athens is irresistible. Small independent islands are now a danger. They must, therefore, choose either submission or destruction. You and we, being the

sensible people we are, should say what we really think, and aim only at possibilities, for we know that in human affairs justice is a privilege reserved for equals. The powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must."

To this the Melians respond in words of suppressed passion: "Well, since you set aside justice, and invite us to speak only of what is expedient. Is it expedient for you Athenians to break all laws of right and moderation that govern mankind? Your interest in this principle is as great as ours. If you break these laws, how can you be sure that the heaviest vengeance may not fall on you, so that you become the most terrible example to mankind?"

Athenians: "We have no fears on that point. The fall of our empire, even if it should fall, would cause us no dismay, for ruling States, such as Lacedæmon, are not cruel to their vanquished enemy. Meanwhile we wish to make you ours with the least trouble to ourselves, since it is neither to your interest nor to ours that you should be destroyed."

Melians: "It may be your interest to be our masters, but how it can be ours to be your slaves we do not understand. May we not remain neutral, our land respected?"

Athenians: "No."

Melians: "Since you thus drive us from justice to speak of expediency. Think again: is this expedient for you? Will you not turn all the neutrals into enemies? When they see you treating us in this way they will reflect that it is merely a question of time and chance whether their turn comes next. And so are you not strengthening the enemies you have, and bringing upon yourselves others who would never dream, if they could help it, of being your enemies at all?"

The Athenians remaining adamant, the Melians, goaded to desperation, continue: "Well, then, since you are willing to take this great risk for what you consider necessary to your empire, how base and cowardly should we be, a free people, not to do or suffer anything rather than become your slaves."

Athenians: "You face overwhelming odds. To yield is no disgrace on your part. This is not a question of honour, but of prudence."

Melians: "The fortune of war is uncertain, and not invariably on the side of numbers. If we yield, all is over. If we fight, there is hope we may yet stand upright."

Athenians: "Hope is delusive. You are weak, and a single turn in the scale will be your ruin."

Melians: "We know, too well, your power. Still, we trust Heaven; because we are righteous and you, against whom we contend, are unrighteous. Besides, we shall have allies."

Athenians: "As to Heaven, we have no fear; we, too, are pious. Besides, it is the law of gods and men that the strong shall rule the weak. And your allies, the Lacedæmonians, will place expediency before justice, and think first of their own safety. Take care that 'honour' does not lure you on to irretrievable calamities. You ought to see that there can be no disgrace in yielding to a great city which invites you to become her ally, keeping your own land and merely paying tribute. You will gain no honour if, in choosing between safety and war, you prefer the worse. Reflect over and over again; remember that you are deliberating about your one and only country, which may be saved or may be destroyed by a single decision."

The envoys then withdrew. The Melians, after consulting together, returned answer: "We will trust to the good fortune which has hitherto preserved us, and, for human help, to the Lacedæmonians, and endeavour to save ourselves."

"Thereupon"—in the grave, measured words of Thucydides—"the Athenians put to death all who were of military age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonised the island, sending thither 500 settlers of their own." He then proceeds:

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"During the winter the Athenians determined to send an expedition to Sicily, in the hope of conquering that island. . . ."

In the light of these events Euripides wrote "The Trojan Women". It was a strange play to write at such a moment. What leitourgia provided the stage and chorus for this most significant of tragedies, on the eve of one of the great crises of the world, is a matter for marvel. Euripides goes back to the Trojan War; but he tells it in a new way. In this play war is like an empty winecup from which the wine has been spilled, and only the dregs are left. The play shows at how great and irretrievable a cost are the pride and glory of man won in war. It tells the old story that if men wage wars, women pay for them, in the end, to the uttermost farthing.

When the play opens an old, grey-haired woman is discovered lying asleep on the hard ground. It is Hecuba, Queen of Troy. Near her, in some temporary huts, the Trojan women are sleeping, captives of the Greeks. Around her lie the unburied bodies of some Trojan soldiers.

While she sleeps the gods come down to see their handiwork. Troy is fallen. The once beautiful city is about to become a heap, its fenced walls a ruin. The very "shrines are empty, the sanctuaries run red with blood". Poseidon and Athena become reconciled on beholding the excesses of the Greeks. Their "hubris" and folly have made them forgetful of the moderation and gentleness in victory which are due to the gods. In their excesses they have defiled the holy altars and violated the consecrated virgins in the holy places, until Athena becomes turned against her people. So she gave them over into the hands of Poseidon:

"So Greece shall dread, even in an after day,  
My house, nor scorn the Watchers of strange lands".

The angry gods decree their fate on their homeward voyage. "The jag-torn Myconos, Scyros, and Lemnos, yea, and storm-driven Caphêreus", shall be glutted with drowned men. Poseidon thus apostrophises the unwitting Greeks:

"How are ye blind,  
Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast  
Temples to desolation, and lay waste  
Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie  
The ancient dead; yourselves so soon to die!"\*

When the gods have vanished Hecuba awakes, weary and aching from lying on the hard ground. The others cluster round her; high-born women "chosen from the waste of war". The herald comes to announce their fate; whose prize each is. The scene culminates in the announcement that Cassandra, the virgin Priestess, is allotted to Agamemnon. The women are horror-struck at this fresh sacrilege. Cassandra accepts it with strange calmness, foreseeing in it the working of Fate. As she departs she sees, in a vision, her appointed end, lying on the rocks in the storm:—

"Dead . . . and outcast . . . and naked . . . It is I  
Beside my bridegroom; and the wild beasts cry,  
And ravin on God's chosen!"

But this is only the beginning of evils. The play leads up to the parting of Andromache and her child, Hector's son. "This scene", writes Professor Murray, "seems to me the most absolutely heart-rending of all the tragic literature of the world".† When the slow realisation comes to her, and Andromache awakes to the meaning of the herald's message, she bids farewell to her little son in words which seem still wet with tears:

\* These translations are from the "Trojan Women." Translated by Professor Murray. 1s. net. Published by George Allen.

† "Euripides." Home University Library.

"Thou little thing

That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling  
All round thy neck! Belovèd; can it be  
All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee  
And fostered; all the weary nights, wherethrough  
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew  
Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;  
Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb  
About my neck; now, kiss me, lips to lips. . . ."

The play culminates in "the great empty scene" where Hecuba holds the body of her dead grandchild in her arms, and prepares it for burial. This scene, as Professor Murray well says, becomes almost mystical in its intensity of human sorrow.

Euripides makes the older woman, and not the younger, pass through these extremest depths of woe to the shining heights; but to-day old age is no longer a passport, neither is youth any more a bar, to those heights, where all things are, at last, seen transfigured, as on a mount of transfiguration. There, these few poor slave women going forth in their utter nakedness and forsakenness—all that is left of Troy, all that war can show for the valour and the glory of men that have perished—seem the true conquerors.

Professor Murray, in his brilliant little monograph, writes: "The play is a picture of the inner side of a great conquest, a thing which then, even more than now, formed probably the very heart of the dreams of the unregenerate man. It is a thing which seemed beforehand to be a great joy, and which is in reality a great misery. It is conquest seen when the heat of the battle is over, and nothing remains but to wait and think; conquest not embodied in those who achieved it— we have but one glimpse of the Greek conquerors, and that shows a man contemptible and unhappy—but in those who have experienced it most fully, the conquered women."

#### THE STAGE AND THE WAR

THE disappearance of several popular and clever actors from the London stage this season naturally prompts one to dwell for a moment on the way in which the stage has entered into the war. Most playgoers will have noticed, in the vexed days of suspicion and pressure, before the Military Service Acts had put the duty of every fit and eligible man plainly before him, that theatre programmes often volunteered a statement that every member of the cast was either a rejected or an attested man. Some of us may not greatly have liked these announcements. They smacked too much of the sensitiveness of a muddled and disquiet time—a time when most men who were not in the Army felt more or less bound to rush forth with explanations and apologies. But they, at any rate, served to put quite accurately the truth about the acting profession. We have thoroughly inquired into the record of the stage in regard to the war, and it appears as an undoubtedly fine record. The stage has shown an excellent roll of service from the start. There were many who, without a moment's hesitation, gave up everything at the very beginning of the war. There were others who were only gradually convinced of the need to fight, but who came quite willingly, and of their own prompting, into the ranks at an early stage. The stage can show a big percentage of genuine volunteers who went into the Army long before there was any direct promise of a Service Act. At least 1,500 men out of a possible total 8,000 put on khaki in the first month of the war. As to the older actors with responsibilities, who waited till the duty to attest and become a King's man was put beyond all doubt, they behaved as the great mass of such men have behaved all through the country, meeting their obligations half-way cheerfully, and without the least desire to be either fussy or recalcitrant.

The theatre will be the better in all ways for the proof it has given that in quiet patriotism and sacrifice



it has shown itself nowise inferior to the common English standard of true manliness. The Bohemian tradition of the "artist", or even of the "artiste", as an abnormal person to be known anywhere by his oddities of dress and manner went out of fashion when W. S. Gilbert's "Patience", from being a contemporary satire, became a historical document. For many years practitioners of the arts, as a protest against the Gilbertian view, have taken great pains to be respectable and thoroughly of the world. But the roots of the tradition lie deep, and the tradition itself dies hard. The attitude of the public in England to men of art is always a little coloured by a feeling that art has very little to do with the common sense and energy which get the ordinary business of the world successfully along. "Those fellows are not men: they are artists", says a character in one of Schnitzler's comedies. For this attitude to art artists in the 'nineties had themselves very largely to blame; but it is an attitude which will hardly survive the war. The war has given to the younger generation of poets, painters, musicians, and players an opportunity to complete their work of dissociating art from its affectations and excesses. Many have affirmed their simple English manhood by paying the extremest debt. They have splendidly removed any possible taint of effeminacy from their calling. Men like Rupert Brooke and Harold Chapin have restored the true English tradition of men of letters and music—the tradition of Sydney, Spenser, Raleigh, and Wyatt. The mistaken view—a view which, we fear, has been, in the strict sense of the words, a very vulgar and common view—that men who wrote poetry or appear in plays are any the less keen or manly or practical by reason of these polite accomplishments—has probably by now died out, even in the most impervious and materialist minds. The idea of art as something apart from life, the product of a continuous in-breeding of masterpieces, a conceited hermit or sybil working far off from the fields and streets where the necessary work of the world is being done, has been rudely and healthily shaken; and, along with the arts in general, the theatre will no doubt richly share in the benefits of our renewed sense that in the midst of art we are in life. Normally the theatre—the theatre which really stands for some sort of an attempt to entertain us with an image of English life—has special difficulties of its own to struggle with in addition to those which it shares with the arts in general. We all know what Dr. Johnson thought and said about actors, and how Lamb was struck by the apparition of Garrick among the poets in Westminster. The theatre, though it touches the fine arts on one side, reaches down on the other to arts which may be as well, or better, studied in the Gardens of the Zoological Society or the Jardin des Plantes, as in the theatres of the West of London; and it is inevitable that our general estimate of the player's art should suffer from an indiscriminate view of theatrical proceedings at large. The tendency to disparage the actor is all the more marked in classical English literature and opinion, owing to the frequent failure of English literature and English drama to come to terms of alliance. The theatre which could find no place or encouragement for Browning or James or Meredith must expect now and then to be twitted with finding places innumerable for people who invert the counsels which the good friars gave to Fra Lippo Lippi.

It is all the more satisfactory to those who have an incorrigible affection for the theatre that our players should have made it henceforth impossible for even its least respectful enemies to be supercilious. Privates, corporals, and subalterns in the King's Forces enlisted from the London stage are doing more for the prestige and dignity of the British theatre than a generation of social petting or distributing of judicious honours. It would be well if those who are in a position to collect all the facts would bring the military record of the stage since August 1914 into clear relief and keep it well before the public—not in the illustrated papers,

but in hard facts and figures. There is a right and a wrong publicity in this matter, as Mr. Chapin reminds us in a heated postscript to one of those intolerably sad letters which the public has just been privileged to read.\* Mr. Chapin's postscript shall be the conclusion of this article: "I have been the recipient of many complaints", he wrote from France in June 1915, "about the way the Press is booming —'s joining of the A.S.C. Strangers in the battalion only knowing me by sight have sought me out to explain that it is 'things like that' that give the stage a bad name. . . . He makes it look as if he were the only 'pro' who ever joined the Army. It's too bad. There are hosts of us out here."

# VALE CARISSIMA.

BY VIOLA WOODS.

ONE evening I called to see Aunt Barrymore, and, as it was a weekday, I was surprised to find she had gone to church.

Aunt Barrymore was not given that way, but since some of my friends had written to me from the Y.M.C.A., and I have discovered an anti-vivisectionist oiling a gun, and the founder of a peace society in the trenches, I begin to believe you may find almost anybody anywhere doing anything in these times.

As I never went into the house I waited in the garden, and it was growing chill when the blistered gate in the hedge swung to and Aunt Barrymore laid a warm hand on my cold one. She seemed abstracted and she caught at me a little; perhaps she felt she might have been wasting her time.

"Tell me", she said, conquering an inborn prejudice with the swift soft flattery she always managed to slip in, "tell me, you Catholics know so much about God—do you really think it is of any use asking God to stop the war?"

Spiritually I looked up to Aunt Barrymore, but physically—since I was the taller—I looked down upon her! It was this sort of undecorated question that would now and again paralyse me. I do not know how I answered her, or if, indeed, I answered her at all, but she went on to say, "If there had not been the great war there might have been war in Ireland—and there might be yet."

Aunt Barrymore and I always sat in the garden. True enough it was summer, but I used to wonder if when the autumn came the leaves would rain down upon us, and if when winter followed later it would find us sitting in the snow. For, as I have already said, I never went into the house. It was called Barrymore Lodge, and Aunt Barrymore was called Aunt Barrymore because she was inseparable from the house.

Like all people who matter, Aunt Barrymore was neither old nor young; she was, and must always have been, ageless. Her mouth was tormented by the fugitive expression of a woman who could never quite trust herself not to laugh; there were ruffles on the fine wrists, diamonds on her fingers, and either she or the heliotrope bed smelt of scent.

Then there were the other days when she was different—when she would come out of the house as one emerging from a storm, her handkerchief rolled into a damp golf ball, a huge dilapidated straw hat on a distraught head. With her beautiful hands, more beautiful for being ringless, outstretched between oneself and the house, and the most admirable control over that most controllable vehicle, her voice, her welcome survived some tempest, unmutated and genuine.

Not that Aunt Barrymore ever told one not to go into the house, but one felt instinctively that had one migrated in the direction of the door she would have been discomfited, and, as it would have been intolerable to make a creature who had obviously suffered suffer more, one clung to the security of the green bank.

\* "Soldier and Dramatist." Lane. 55.

She had the most original ambitions, never, I fear, to be wholly satisfied in this incomplete existence. One day she said in a manner which excited every anticipation, "And would you like to know what I have most wanted in all my life?" And then she told us. "What I have most wanted in all my life has been to go for a drive with a horse in a horse box." Visions of "Our Dumb Friends' League" and horses at close quarters being conveyed to hospital rose before me. "But why?" I asked, "why in a horse box?" "Because," answered Aunt Barrymore, "because I should be so very near the horse".

How many of us—with a difference—have been led astray with some form of Aunt Barrymore's aspiration, the desire to be so very near the horse. And perhaps it is as well that her dream remained unfulfilled, as she might have found the contact disappointing and the ambulatory stable disconcerting.

There were many birds on the lawn, and Aunt Barrymore stored crumbs in the pockets of her smartest coats. Robins, their red breasts thrown out, stood round like conceited menservants in the first position, while she fed them with long indulgent fingers, a divine charity filtering through this humble act in which she made herself known in the breaking of bread.

As we sat and talked I could see the dim house on our right, all the windows flung open. Sometimes the venetian shutters were drawn down, but more often I could see the tilted oval mahogany looking-glasses of the dressing tables. It was certain that no modern influences had penetrated into that house, no black satin cushions or bacchanalian cretonnes, but I imagined half shut up rooms scented from conservatory flowers in pots, sofas like biers draped with white sheets, and on a lavender wall the copy of a Correggio, inevitable trophy of some ancestral tour in Italy.

There was a servant who used to bring out tea. I used to wonder, since she lived there, if she knew the secret of the house, but youth and an ingenuous appearance did not suggest that Aunt Barrymore had any intention of domesticating a female Sherlock Holmes.

"And if people come to dinner how do you manage?" I asked once.

"They very seldom do come", said Aunt Barrymore, who possessed humour on a very high plane indeed, "but when they do come 'Elp comes in. But every time 'Elp comes in her breakages nearly land me in gaol."

Humour has many sources; the brain, the heart, and too often a well of bitterness. Aunt Barrymore's sprang straight from the soul. In the midst of one of her most daring stories I would be perversely arrested, remembering that ancient and profound saying how, in spite of its rocky pilgrimage, the heritage of the soul is joy.

Into this inheritance, without any reservations in chancery, Aunt Barrymore had fully come. For the pains of the soul are so frequently its fears of its foes, envy, malice, avarice and uncertainty, and from the assault of such enemies Aunt Barrymore had escaped, like one of her own birds, from the net of the fowler.

She had a fine inner library of somewhat antiquated anecdotes touching the great forces which drive the universe, and now and again Aunt Barrymore did not shrink from the use of a word not generally found in the mouth of what we used to call, as children, "Lady come to tea".

Suffering bores gladly, she could carry on the most perfect mechanical conversation it has ever been my fortune to admire. Interest, sympathy, fitful surprise, all were there in the inflexions of the voice, though she was not listening to one word she was uttering, and her auditors were ignobly, if kindly, deceived.

As she sat on the bank talking of savouries, with mysticism floating in her blue eyes, a fool, I suppose, would have boasted that she grew intimate with Aunt Barrymore. Liberally she spoke about the war, Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward Carson, the price of bacon, her friends, and life in general, yet once outside the gate

her very personality tricked and eluded memory. Small wonder that she loved birds, she was more fearful of approach than any bird; small wonder that she appreciated the triumph of watching them take crumbs from her fingers, she who all her days had never been able to bring herself to feed from any hand.

Just as she made it impossible to cross the threshold of her house, so with an equable gentleness she made it impossible to trespass into some of the rooms in her mind where there must have been great silences she would not have broken, and dead faces from which she would not lift the sheet, and about those things which lay close to a hot heart she had raised a wall such as an enclosed order builds to separate its community from a cold and unintelligent world.

She was Irish. Did she not say that had there not been the great war there might have been war in Ireland—and there might be yet? The fact that she had lived for years in England left her inviolate, uncorrupt. The foreign land had only accentuated the exile.

On yellow evenings, as she sat talking intimately to strangers amongst the first perishing leaves of an English summer, I felt her to be delicately protected by the racial insularity of a proud and distinguished people. More than that, I felt her to be an eternal and circular problem in herself.

If there were trouble in her house it was her own trouble, and she wanted no intrusion in the shape of assistance; and, if there was sometimes darkness and distress behind her doors, I believe that she preferred the enemy within her gate to the friend without.

In these latter days I have been back to Barrymore. The smoke of a huge bonfire was winding its way up the steeple of the church where it seems more than possible that Aunt Barrymore may have been wasting her time, for the great war continues and it has not prevented war in Ireland.

It was raining. The garden was folded away in heavy mists, and there was a slow sound of dampness dripping from the branches overhead. A solitary blackbird strayed across the lawn as if looking for a friend and the windows of the house were dark and shut. Only, in the room which I knew to be Aunt Barrymore's, there was a light, but since the garden was now out of the question and the house forbidden, there remained nothing to be done but to pass on with a sightless hope that behind the curtains she might fare well.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SITUATION IN ROUMANIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Just a year ago I made in your paper an appeal: "Help for Serbia!" To-day I should say: "Help for Roumania!" In the former case it was my country which was in question; in the latter it is with a neighbour and friendly State that I am dealing. But in both cases I had merely one object in view—the common cause of the Allies, that object being now, as it was in the autumn of 1915, in serious danger.

The Germans are fiercely attacking Roumania. Why? Because Roumania is their latest enemy, and they wish to get rid of her; I mean, rid in a military sense. Immediately after she entered the war conferences took place at the German headquarters, at which the most prominent representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey were present. What they decided there is clear enough now. Crush Roumania—this became their motto. The conferences once closed the Germans proceeded to deeds. Falkenhayn was sent to one side of the Roumanian front, Mackensen to the other, and Hindenburg went there also. They had success. After Torzburg Pass, the Gyimes Pass; after the Gyimes Pass, the Predeal Pass: that is the situation on the northern front.

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After Turtukai, Silistria; after Silistria, Constanza: that is the situation on the southern front. And the Germans are pushing on, systematically, methodically, as they always do.

Will they succeed? God knows. But if they do their success may be in two ways.

Firstly, in crushing Roumania definitely and once for all. What that would mean, everybody knows. But can it be allowed? Serbia was overrun. Montenegro was overrun. Is Roumania to be overrun, too?

Secondly—and this is the more probable—in crushing Roumania so completely as to ensure her being no further danger to Germany.

What is to be expected in this second case? The great enemy forces, engaged for the moment on the Roumanian front, would be free to leave this front. They might go in two directions: against the Russian or against the Salonica front. They might check Brusiloff's and Leshicky's advance, or they might threaten Sarraill and Bojovic. As to the Salonica front, German troops have already been sent there during the last few days. I know from an authentic source that in June last the Germans had only 150 sabres at Monastir, and the command there was in Bulgarian hands. A few days ago the command passed into German hands, and there are now considerable German forces there. Whence have they been drawn? I do not know. From Hell, probably. But the fact remains that they are at Monastir, and I am afraid they will be very soon at other parts of the Salonica front.

Why will people not understand the importance of the Balkan theatre of war? The Germans know it well. Long ago Major Moraht emphasised the importance of this front. "The fighting in the Balkans is for us a question of life and death", says the "Münchener Neueste Nachrichten." And the three greatest German generals are operating in the Balkans. When shall we understand? Do we need yet another tragedy to teach us to realise the importance of the Balkans?

Roumania must be helped. The SATURDAY REVIEW suggested (14 October) in what way that is to be done. "Help Roumania by striking sledge-hammer blows continuously on the Somme", you said. I may add: "... and by striking the same blows on all the Allied fronts, and by reinforcing the Dobrudja and the Salonica fronts". The entire war depends on it.

Yours, etc.,

PAVLE POPOVIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

October 1916.

SIR,—The situation on the Roumanian frontier is not very clear, but apparently it is fraught with danger to our brave Ally, who, in his eagerness to step into the fray, in order to assist the Allies by invading Transylvania, advanced much farther than prudent strategy would have permitted, and, by disseminating his forces, exposed them to defeat and possible disaster. The sound course would have been to hold the passes leading into Transylvania and to hurl his strength against Bulgaria, which must be crushed as thoroughly as Germany itself. It was a case of entire rashness, like that of the Russians, who, with the best of all motives, invaded East Prussia in 1914, and were defeated at Tannenberg by a vastly superior force under Hindenburg, who knew the Masurian lake and swamp country thoroughly, and who gained a fictitious reputation from his easy victory, which stopped the flight of refugees from East Prussia and, as the Germans were told, saved Berlin.

Germany has two main objects in throwing her strength against Roumania. She and Austria have been defeated and thrown back on every other front, and the German General Staff know well that they cannot retrieve their defeats on any one of them, and so they have made the last throw of a gambler and

attacked the line of least resistance, hoping utterly to defeat Roumania and serve her as they did Serbia. This would not only produce a great moral effect, showing that the Allies are powerless to protect any of the smaller States who dare to defy Germany, but also it would give a spectacular victory, and cheer up the fast-drooping spirits of her people, which are at the lowest ebb, and which can no longer be raised by lying bulletins. Further, she looks well ahead and thinks it would give her a position in the Balkans, the hegemony of which she aims at, from which she could not easily be ousted. Again, she would come into possession of Roumania's magnificent stores of grain and oil, which she so badly needs, and last, but not least, she would gratify her spirit of cruelty and blood lust and libertinism on the population of Roumania, as she did in Poland and Belgium, and as her worthy allies, the Austrians, did in Serbia. Falkenhayn's conceptions were clever, and though he has been seriously thwarted in his attacks on the Predeal and other passes, he has advanced some distance into Roumania, and his success at the Roten Turm is important because of the railway running to Bukarest. The present situation is difficult and critical, but by no manner of means hopeless. More and more bodies of magnificent Russian troops are going as fast as the terribly difficult nature of the country allows to the succour of Roumania, and we may be quite sure that the Commanders and General Staffs of France and Great Britain are carrying out plans also for her relief, and that we are not going to have the Serbian tragedy acted over again in Roumania—Germany's attempt against her must be defeated. One means that would greatly help in doing so would be to stop this weak, vacillating, pin-pricking policy in Greece, and acknowledge the Government of M. Venezelos.

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

#### THE SPIRIT OF NELSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 October 1916.

SIR,—Never has the spirit of Nelson stood for more to the nation than it does to-day. Three years ago he was fast receding into the shadowy ranks of those national heroes who are scarcely more clearly visualised by us than are the "old, forgotten, far-off things" in which they played their part.

Now all is changed: it is the century of naval peace which preceded the war that has become remote and visionary; and the absoluteness of our dependence on all that Nelson stood for, that is the outstanding reality. We caught glimpses of this great truth—a truth which no British subject, henceforth, may dare lightly to forget—when Cradock went down with all his men off Coronel, and when, a few months later, Nemesis overtook the victor with such dramatic completeness. We saw it again when British and German battle-cruisers engaged each other for the first time on that January morning twenty months ago—a transient flash of insight, speedily forgotten. Then, for a year or more, the greater part of the nation bore themselves as though, the naval danger being already past, the possession or not by our seamen of the Nelson spirit had become almost a matter of indifference. The great sea fight off Jutland rudely shattered that illusion; but, happily, in doing so it bore incontrovertible witness that the great spirit of the victor of Trafalgar is with his successors still.

What do we mean when we speak of the Nelson spirit? Surely this: The spirit of indomitable courage, without undue recklessness; of consummate judgment, heightened by flashes of imaginative insight; of prompt decision at great moments, and no less promptitude in acting on such decisions; above all—for this is the lesson which, at the present phase of the naval conflict, is likely to profit us most—the spirit which never deigns to speak of victory till the enemy is disastrously crippled, or of "decisive victory" until his naval forces are destroyed.

It is only as we try to look upon the still powerful enemy battle-fleet as Nelson would undoubtedly have looked upon it, that we begin to realise the magnitude of the task still before our Navy, or the extent of the hopes which the enemy may yet cherish of inflicting serious losses upon us. The man who is still counting on the damage wrought in the Jutland fight to ships not actually sunk—damage which, almost certainly, has now been wholly made good—shows no conception of the Nelson spirit. Still less does he who fails to assume the addition to the enemy's forces since 31 May of a group of powerful units laid down immediately war was declared, *none of which appear to have taken part in the last fight*. Remembering this, remembering also that ample time has now elapsed for the completion of such vessels, it becomes not merely possible, but in the highest degree probable, that the Dreadnought strength of the enemy is now actually greater than it was on the morning of the Jutland fight. Nelson would have assumed so, and we may trust the great body of our naval officers, who have drunk deeply of Nelson's spirit, to assume so equally. But what of ourselves—we who for the past four months have spoken as if our one remaining concern is to bring the land fighting to a successful issue? Have we already forgotten that the King, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Jellicoe all laid emphasis on the disappointment which pervaded the Navy when the main body of the enemy succeeded in evading its grasp? Many publicists, seemingly ignorant of what the Nelson spirit stands for, gently reproved the authorities for speaking so modestly of our "second Trafalgar". "Second Trafalgar", indeed! What did Nelson say when they brought him the news, as he lay dying, that fourteen of the enemy's ships had struck—"I had bargained at least for twenty". What had he said of Hotham's inconclusive action twenty-three years before: "Now, had we taken ten sail and allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to get her, I could never have called it well done."

Our "second Trafalgar" has yet to be fought before this war can end conclusively. When that day comes, God grant the outcome to be such that not our naval commanders only, but the spirit of Nelson himself, may smile approval!

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

#### THE WORLD-CHANGE OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 September 1916.

SIR,—". . . there is no God ground for justifying this world contest."

This appears in Mr. H. C. Daniel's letter in your issue of the 16th inst.

May I refer the writer to Hebrews ix. 22 (R.V.): ". . . and apart from shedding of blood there is no remission".

"Remission" here means, in essence, "a reconciliation which cannot otherwise be brought about", and it refers to the reconciliation 'twixt God and man which our Lord achieved.

In the world before the war there were two great irreconcilable principles operating silently under all affairs in international life, viz.: "the desire for world dominion", held and represented by Germany alone, and "the desire for development on national lines", held by the rest of the world, and represented mainly by England.

England tried, even at the cost of her own humiliation, to reconcile Germany by peaceful negotiation. She failed because Germany was prepared and determined to put her principle to the test of force.

There was no way out of it by peaceful negotiation, so facts said; there was no way out of it, therefore, by the law of God but by "shedding of blood", if reconciliation was to be achieved, as God would wish.

There may be "no God-ground for justifying this world contest"—that is just a matter of faith and of terms. But listen. God the Holy Spirit is in the Christian men who represent, under the overruling power of God the Father,

the two great irreconcilable principles named which governed the world before the war, and which must be reconciled, under God; so that these Christian men, after all, seem only to be working out the law of the God that is in them—working it out through suffering, their heritage from their Master, of whom each is a member.

The world of Europe is indeed on the Cross, and through its suffering in (unconsciously) carrying out the law of reconciliation, which is of God, He will give to it a resurrection life and bring it nearer Himself. That higher life in Europe will be the ground and fount of all the "world-change of the war".

But that resurrection life will only be, in the West, for a "great forty days". It will really "ascend" in the East, whose genius for religion will bring earth nearer heaven than the West could ever have brought it.

For the Orient, once it catches fire (and we only have to plod on till we find there the Man destined to be the spark), will interpret the message of an Oriental who taught the world "to live" into life nearer Him than the Occident ever can.

That is the great world-change which the war will eventually bring about.

And the pendulum of power will swing back from the exhausted West to the East from whence it came. For world-power flows with the fuller acceptance of the Divine. The East lost it because it was fore-destined to reject Him who came down in the East from heaven; the West will lose it because it rejected Him in its life before the war.

But that power (God-given) will go back not by war 'twixt East and West. It will go back by the sheer loving predominance of a more truly spiritual civilisation in the East than the West has been able to produce. The note of the world-spirit will draw nearer Love.

And this is the living, loving, holy God's answer to the prayer of the faithful throughout the ages—"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven". One great step nearer.

Let us pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Yours faithfully,

J. P. P.

#### THE OFFICERS' FAMILIES FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

October 1916.

SIR,—More than two years ago I made an appeal to the public on behalf of the Fund for the relief of families and dependents of officers who have suffered pecuniarily from the war. The response of the public to that appeal has been generous in the extreme. Up to the close of August 1916 a sum exceeding £310,000 has been subscribed. A detailed description of the work of the Fund during the two years from August 1914 to August 1916 has now been issued. Copies of this are being widely circulated, and are available for any subscriber, and others interested in the work, on application to Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square.

During this period grants have been made amounting in all to about £210,000, and the Committee have given assistance in nearly 10,000 cases. These are drawn from the Navy, the British Armies, Regular, Territorial, and New (including English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh regiments), the Indian Army, and the contingents from the Dominions. The cost of management has been only 1·6 per cent. of the total expenditure. Substantial help has been given to widows and other dependents of officers who have fallen, and assistance has been granted to the families and dependents of officers on service to meet pressing necessities, the expenses of illness, confinements, and other emergencies; large gifts of clothing have been made; houses have been lent, and hospitality extended to wounded and convalescent officers and their families, and assistance has been given towards the education of close upon 500 boys and girls. Nothing presses with more cruel weight on parents than the feeling that they cannot adequately educate their children and equip them for life. The Committee have always regarded it as one of their most important obligations to assist in order that these children may receive the education they might reasonably



have expected but for the war. Our resources until recently have more than sufficed for our current expenses, but there are now many and urgent reasons for making a fresh appeal to the public for funds. The claims on the Fund are constantly growing, and current expenditure has in the last three months considerably exceeded donations. These demands must progressively increase, and will be especially urgent during the difficult transition period in the future. Many responsibilities which the Fund has undertaken cannot be abruptly terminated at the close of the war.

I feel that I shall not appeal in vain to the public for support to enable the Committee of the Fund to continue and extend the work of endeavouring to relieve the most pressing needs of so many who are sacrificing all for their country.

Yours faithfully,  
MAUD LANSDOWNE.

#### HELP FOR THE SOUTH AFRICANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 October 1916.

SIR,—As president of the South African Hospital and Comforts Fund, I trust you will allow me to make a further appeal on behalf of South Africans serving with their contingent or with other units in Europe. During the past year the South African forces have rendered signal service to the Empire. They have completed the conquest of German West Africa; their European contingent has fought gloriously in Egypt and France; and their East African army, assisted by other units, has won through to great success in a campaign exceptionally difficult and arduous. The financial strain of these military services has fallen very heavily upon the South African people, and, realising this, we have made every possible endeavour to lighten it by undertaking the very necessary task of providing for the welfare of South Africans serving in Europe, who receive a lower scale of pay than those of other overseas contingents.

Our activities during the past year have been continuous, varied, and increasing. We have built a hospital of 300 beds in Richmond Park, and in view of the need for further accommodation, as intimated by the War Office, have decided to increase its accommodation to 520 beds, which will include a special installation of baths for medical treatment and an officers' ward. It will be adequately equipped in every respect, and its cost, when completed, will exceed £50,000.

The needs of the wounded are provided for by the Convalescence and Hospitality Committee, and men on sick furlough receive free quarters and board at our expense. Our Comforts Committee has supplied the troops with every possible requirement, and has distributed to the troops over 40,000 separate parcels from South Africa. It also co-operates with various committees in that country in sending food and comforts to South African prisoners of war. For men on leave from the front we provide free quarters and board, and they, as well as men on leave stationed in this country, are looked after and entertained by the Personal Service Committee. In order to centralise these committees we have recently taken a lease of 39, Grosvenor Place, where also South African soldiers can meet their friends and find periodicals and writing materials. These and other undertakings, combined with contributions to the South African Ambulance, King George and Queen Mary's Club for Overseas Forces at Peel House, and to regimental funds, have constituted a severe drain upon our resources, which we now feel are not adequate for our future requirements, more especially in view of a probable increase in the number of South Africans serving in Europe after the close of the East African campaign.

Cheques should be crossed "National Bank of South Africa".

Yours faithfully,  
GLADSTONE.

South African Hospital and Comforts Fund,  
2, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

#### INVENTIVENESS IN WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street,  
Grosvenor Square, W.

SIR,—As a corollary to your well-timed leader lately on the above, which does no more than justice to the national character, I should like to add one point which will help the most inveterate grumbler to "realise that there is no conceit in believing that the best Englishmen are peers of the best in any race, not only in courage, but also in inventiveness, in scientific achievement, and in organising ability".

The popular notion as to our climate and weather being as bad as they could be is nothing more nor less than a popular, and I may add a vulgar, delusion.

An American writer brought out a year or two ago a book on the influence of climate upon civilisation and human life, the idea being to ascertain, by means of statistics, calculations, and all kinds of data, the relation between climate and human energy. The result, scientifically worked out, is that *the most favourable spot on earth for a high grade of human civilisation is Great Britain!* This result bears out what I have frequently heard foreigners of almost every nationality declare, that, taking all in all, London is about 20 per cent. more advanced in civilisation than any other great town in the world. Paris and Petrograd are more gay and brilliant, while other European capitals have distinctive features of their own. But, taking everything together, England, with London at her head, is the hub of the world. The Germans know it, and gnash their teeth. Hence their intense hatred, which is only another version of the result of the statistics of the American author.

Yours, etc.,  
ARTHUR LOVELL.

#### TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND FADDISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, Wynne Road, S.W.

SIR,—It is with gratified amazement that I notice the number of replies elicited by my good-humouredly conceived letter under the above heading. The chief difficulty of the advocates of abstinence is that of inducing the adherents of the drink cult to state their case. We are generally up against a stolid *non possumus*. Just now, however, our friend the enemy has been tempted from his dug-out by the prospect of an easy victory, and we can take stock of him in the open.

The first thing which strikes one is the extraordinary vehemence of most of the writers. Methinks these drinkers do protest too much. A sound cause should not need so heated, not to say acrimonious, a defence. Some of the writers are even hurried into attacks on my own negligible personality, "M.D." holding my "higher cerebral centres" in light esteem, and Mr. Bale opining that I am "an example of decadence through abstinence". These gentlemen are very welcome to any comfort these reflections may afford them, and I only quote them to show that the general tone of these letters is vituperative rather than argumentative. My merits and defects are matters of little moment, but it may clear the ground if I assure those who care to know that I am an eminently commonplace person, wearing ordinary clothes, eating ordinary food, drinking, with one exception, ordinary drink, conforming to all customary usages, and intensely disliking to differ from my neighbours. But I have been stung out of my common placidity by the intensity of the evils, individual and national, inseparably connected with the general custom of using intoxicating liquor. So much for that small personal matter.

Another feature common to most of these letters is the demand of their writers to be left alone. This uncomfortable question must not be raised. The case admits of no argument. The virtues of drink are, like Caesar's wife, or Potiphar's, above suspicion. Iconoclasts must be made to mind their own business. Now, I take the liberty of thinking that, as the burdens entailed by drink are felt by us all, it is the legitimate business of every one of us to attempt their

alleviation, perhaps their cure, and that, when a serious proposal to that end is advanced, it should, unless palpably unreasonable, be considered and criticised with respect, and not rejected with contumely.

The gravity of the subject, thus cavalierly treated, is not a matter of private opinion. A Royal Commission, on which sat representatives of various schools of thought, after long and exhaustive investigation, arrived at the following conclusion: "*A gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would effect a sensible diminution in this national degradation.*" Read in the light of this solemn finding, how ignobly the protests of your correspondents stand forth. "Hardly any sacrifice would be too great," say the Royal Commissioners; "but don't you touch my sherry", shriek the chorus—"whatever may be the solution, it must not involve *that*." Truly such an attitude as this in times such as these almost makes one doubt whether we deserve the victory we desire.

Paucity of serious argument is another characteristic of these letters—a very poor ha'porth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack, of the "L. H." brand. But, few as these are, neither my time nor your space will allow of their consideration seriatim. One or two, however, may be dealt with. Mr. Bale asserts that "alcohol is a necessity to produce the best that can be produced from man, either physically or mentally." I prefer the emphatic statement of Sir Andrew Clark, who called alcohol "the enemy of the race", physical, mental, and moral. "M.D.", on the strength of one set of experiments, asserts that the imbibition of alcohol assists the higher mental processes. Now, the late Sir Victor Horsley, a brain specialist, in common with other high authorities, held that alcohol affects primarily and adversely these same higher mental processes—a fact which may, with advantage, be pondered by the patients of "M.D."

It is hardly fair of Mr. Poole to debit total abstainers generally with the flagrantly absurd statements of some of their number. Against such offenders on our side we may place, say, Mr. Bale, quoted above, who for reckless statement in this and other correspondence would easily outweigh the most intemperate advocate of temperance it has ever been my hard fate to hear. Let us leave indiscreet advocates on both sides to balance each other, and, as reasonable men, seeking the truth, quietly weigh the various arguments pro and con.

It will be noticed that my letter is not, thus far, so much a statement of our case as a plea for its fair consideration. But I will venture on a brief presentation of our case on its broadest lines. Our deep conviction is that the general custom of using alcoholic drink yields no advantages sufficient to counterbalance the admitted evils which it inevitably produces. The chief advantages seem to be a gratification of the accustomed palate, a pleasant soothing or exhilaration of the nervous system, an improved sociality, and a sense of general well-being. These are advantages of distinct value, but they are far too dearly purchased at the cost of the sin, crime, misery and degradation of individuals and families, and of that weakening of the nation in the presence of its foes which seem to be inseparable from the general observance of the custom.

May I, in conclusion, point out that on this question there can be no position of neutrality. Every man must either support this custom by observance or oppose it by abstinence; he cannot escape making a choice, and for the consequences of that choice he must remain responsible. Which of these courses is the better, the wiser, the more patriotic, I leave to the judgment of your readers.

Yours, etc.,  
FRANK ADKINS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW  
"Threlkeld", Hawthorn Road,  
Sutton, Surrey,

23 October 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent, T. Kyle Dawson, says "It is well known that some fifty to sixty thousands of men and

women are hurried into untimely graves through intemperance every year". I find on referring to the Registrar-General's report that, in 1913, 1,893 persons died from alcoholism or alcoholic cirrhosis of the liver; and the Registrar-General says that this figure "may be regarded as forming a fairly complete statement of the deaths certified to have been in any way dependent on intemperance". I may say that the total of death certificates in which any mention of alcohol appears was 2,153.

I know, of course, that the teetotalers accuse the doctors of falsifying death certificates to spare the feelings of relatives, and I have seen many fantastic estimates of the total number of deaths attributable to alcoholic excess, but the framers of these estimates have so far failed to produce any evidence worthy of the name in support of their faked statistics. I have always understood that men under the influence of liquor possess the faculty of seeing double, but it would appear that those who abstain, and make a virtue of their abstinence, possess the still more remarkable faculty of seeing everything which seems to provide them with an argument magnified four-fold. Surely the possession of this faculty entitles us to classify them with faddists and cranks.

I am, sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
EDMUND G. POOLE.

#### A CAT THAT KNEW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 October 1916.

SIR,—I cannot follow the logic of Mr. Flow and others who tell fairy tales ridiculing animal intelligence, and think thus to prove that animals cannot reason. Animals have too much intelligence to do such silly things. Any one who, like myself, has had to depend on an animal's intelligence and reasoning powers for his life (as when lost in a snow blizzard my horse got me safe out of it) knows that, in certain things, animals have *more* sense than men.

If people treat animals with contempt and do not try to understand their minds, naturally the animal does not show his mind to them, any more than a peasant will confide in one who is too proud to associate with him.

A cat which, whilst others were in the room, sat apart, as soon as we were alone together came purring up to me and got me to open a door for her into an inner room. She knew it was no use asking the others, because they would not understand her. She rubbed her head against my leg, then trotted to the door she wanted opened, looking back at me with a short little cry, "kurr", which cat lovers know means "come with me", but others call "catawaling".

WALTER WINANS.

#### REPENTANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 October 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Gilbert E. Mould, says in your issue of to-day:

"Repentance means looking back, . . ."

May I refer your correspondent to Luke iii. 3-14? I quote two verses only—12, 13:

"Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do?"

"And He said unto them, Exact [in the future] no more than that which is appointed you."

Is this to look back or forward?

The end of Mr. Mould's sentence (which began as above quoted)—"and this is not the time for looking back, but for concentrating our gaze on the present and future"—reveals the popular misconception and chief cause of prejudice against the National Mission of Repentance and Hope.

It is not a "time for looking back", but forward, in which period the amendment which is the essence of repentance is hoped for.

Yours faithfully,

A PARSON.



## REVIEWS.

## OVER THE CHESTNUTS AND THE WINE.

"Portraits of the 'Seventies." By the Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell. With 52 illustrations. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

MR. RUSSELL, an accomplished gossip who long since made his reputation, is always welcome, and has a subject to his mind in his views of the great men of the 'seventies and the 'eighties. We know by this time his predilections for Matthew Arnold and "Friendship's Garland", for Disraeli and his novels; but these are excellent themes to dilate on, and not so well known as they were awhile since. The world in general does not nowadays possess much of a memory, and we occasionally suspect Mr. Russell of relying on his observation of that fact.

We begin happily with a story of Justin McCarthy's, which, like all good conteurs, Mr. Russell does not hesitate to reproduce, though it is against himself, and we are carried on by the urbanity of a writer whose excellent style contents itself with English words. We learn that Disraeli got £10,000 for "Lothair", and see him in his habit as he walked the lanes of Hughenden. The eighth Duke of Argyll is acclaimed as a great orator, and his feudal importance as a chieftain is neatly hit off. The success of his book, "The Reign of Law", does not affect us much. Bad books by great people frequently run into many editions. Bob Lowe is a striking character, and his derided tax on matches is now quite up to date, though without the Latin quotation. At Oxford he had a considerable success, we may add, as a coach, and one of his pupils declared that he got a First in Classics, but only a Second in Mathematics because, being very shortsighted, he rubbed out most of his problems with his nose. His jests in private life redeemed his angularities in public, as Mr. Russell says. Hartington's yawn in the middle of his own speech is a thing we would not miss; but has it not been claimed as an invention by another gossip?

With a nice sense that even the stately homes of England may tire, Mr. Russell includes demagogues, ecclesiastics, women of distinction, and doctors among his typical figures. Indeed, he objects to Gladstone's extraordinary veneration for the aristocracy. Mrs. Gladstone was a queenly woman and "emphatically a great lady", but when the idea was put about that Gladstone might be made King of Greece "Mrs. G." was declared by an irreverent Minister impossible as a Queen. She did not pay enough attention to dress. The tragedy of Catharine Tait's losses is delicately touched, and we think Mr. Russell is right in somewhat reducing the earlier estimate of her husband. Manning he clearly did not love, though that great ecclesiastic did a good deal of useful public work, and wrote good prose which the world has forgotten in the glamour of Newman's style. As to his asceticism, we find an admirable saying, but the prize for denigration goes to Henry Sidgwick, who, according to Mr. Herbert Paul, said of Manning's sparse meals, with his usual effective stammer: "He was a (pause) prudent man with a (pause) bad digestion". The account of the great doctors of the day is really delightful. Was it, we wonder, one of them who banished the brandy and soda? Mr. Russell, if anybody, could tell us. The lenities of these sons of Æsculapius were gratifying to patients. Our memory recalls the cheery voice of a distinguished scholar explaining, over a copious lunch, that a famous doctor told him, when he was out of sorts, to give his stomach a surprise.

## MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S FAREWELL.

"Brought Forward." By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Duckworth. 6s.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S characteristic gifts, his abundant vitality and love of vivid, highly-coloured life, are to be found in this little volume of word-pictures of experiences in many parts of the world. Ever a wanderer, giving the impression of one galloping through life, Mr. Graham is ready to stay his steed and concentrate his attention on some picturesque or unusual aspect that interests him. He has an insatiable curiosity and a love of violent contrasts. With little belief in modern civilisation, and a passion for the sounds and smells of earth, he is always willing to laugh at himself for his own enthusiasms. He has irony, pity, and wit. He is the master of the telling phrase, and can produce a convincing picture with the utmost economy of words. The brief sketches that make up this book show us variegated aspects of life in many parts of the world. Mr. Cunningham Graham's way is to whirl us off from place to place—London, Paris, Scotland, New York, Spain, Portugal, Algeria, and, of course, South America, fix us upon some vivid episode or spectacle, whet our appetites for more, and hurry on. The trail of the war is over all the sketches, not so much by direct reference as by implication. It has altered the aspects of things everywhere, even in places that might be expected to be untouched by it. In South America the horses are destined for the battlefield, and the shepherd, addressing his flock of sheep, says: "Eat well; there is no grass like that of La Pileta to where you go across the sea. The grass in Europe all must smell of blood". And the English farmer, in an exquisite little sketch, entitled "In a Backwater", harps on the same theme of "dead 'orses, and dead soldiers lying by 'undreds in the standing corn. . . . I wonder 'ow the folks out there in Belgium will 'ave a relish for their bread next year." Our delight in this book is tempered only by the fear that it is to be, according to rumour, Mr. Cunningham Graham's last. He seems to hint at this in his preface, where he recalls Charles Lamb, who, when someone asked him of his works, answered that they were to be found in the forty ledgers he had filled at the South Sea House. "Mine", he tells us, "are to be found but in the trails I left in all the years I galloped both on the prairies and the pampas of America."

But, although he does seem to be bidding us farewell, we find a ray of hope in the story he tells, also in the preface, of the celebrated dancer who was about to bid farewell to her admirers and retire to private life. "Perhaps you will take a benefit when you come back from finishing your last tour?" She answered: "Yes . . ." and then added, "or perhaps two."

## AN ARCHBISHOP'S WIFE.

"Zoe Thomson of Bishopthorpe and her Friends." By E. C. Rickards. With a Preface by Basil Thomson. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. THOMSON, who writes a pleasant introduction to this memoir of his mother, has already edited, to the advantage of the world, the Skene Papers, an essential addition to the biography of Walter Scott by the accomplished man who was godfather to the Fourth Canto of "Marmion". James Skene had an enthusiasm for travel, and when he went to see his son in Greece he settled there for some time. The son had married a Greek wife, and their two small

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girls owed much to the judicious care of their grandparents, for James Skene had a wife of excellent Scottish blood. Zoe, the elder of the girls, was from youth upwards singularly handsome, and before she left her home in Greece a Hungarian magnate was eager to adopt her and leave her his fortune. When, later, she settled down with her grandparents in Oxford, there were plenty of admirers ready to say to the maid of Athens, Ζωή μου τὰς ἀγαπῶ. She was engaged in her seventeenth year to the future Archbishop of York, but her mother had more ambitious schemes for her, not realising that the young English clergyman was to go far, and she did not marry till three years later. The union was most happy, and the memoir gives us a delightful impression of a graceful and gracious woman rejoicing in her children, in friendships cherished by frequent correspondence, and in that hospitality which St. Paul recommends to bishops. Mrs. Thomson was not markedly intellectual, but she had nothing of the spoilt beauty about her. She was an excellent manager, and the consideration which she naturally attracted she extended freely to everyone who came in her way, from servants and bashful curates to people of note. Miss Rickards, who has already written well on her notable aunt, Felicia Skene, has brought out her character very well, though she loses something by not saying more about the Archbishop. With his fine baritone voice—he was famous for rendering the Boar's Head song of Queen's at Christmas-time—and his massive and imposing figure, he was too formidable to be persona grata to everybody. Miss Rickards writes that he "was offered the Provostship of Queen's College, which he at once accepted". It is on record that his own vote put him into the place, at a time, too, when he was in his year of grace as a married Fellow of the College. He has been described as one of the ablest prelates on the bench; he could preach admirable sermons, and justified his choice, but it was ascribed to the favour of Prince Albert. He and his charming wife were figures in Society, and not the least pleasant parts of this memoir are the reminiscences of the great in various lines. There are also many odd and attractive stories preserved by the pen of Mrs. Thomson and her daughters. One, which we heard many years ago and had since lost, concerns an unfortunate lady who was locked up in a cathedral with a lunatic all night and had to sing to him to keep him quiet. We learn that Alma Tadema emerged from a worried life to marry and to grow three inches and a half taller. We see Tennyson in a surly humour, and a striking sketch by Dicky Doyle which makes him quite brigand-like. Doyle, by the way, had left "Punch" long before 1855. His departure, in consequence of attacks on Roman Catholics, took place in 1850. The old organist at New College was Elvey, not Elwes. Mrs. Thomson was equal to anybody, and, amongst other feats, persuaded twenty American bishops to take a turn on the treadmill when the prisoners in York Gaol were busy with dinner. Among her numerous friends and correspondents Lady Mary Cadogan is the liveliest, agreeing "with the man who said, 'How happy I should be if I had no teeth and no relations'". After the Archbishop's death Mrs. Thomson spread her radiant influence over Hampton Court Palace, continuing her beneficent life to the end. Devoted to the land of her birth, she also belonged to the best type of Englishwoman.

#### CANDOUR AND THE SEA.

"From Sail to Steam." Naval Recollections, 1878-1905.  
By Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald. Illustrated.  
Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is the companion volume to Admiral Fitzgerald's "Memories," and its qualities are equally open—as open as the sea, only there is not any "low visibility" on the horizon. What a rich store of literary material would be added to the vicissitudes of life if every person of note kept with care, not a diary of his doings, but a brief and humorous annuary of his

experiences. The events of a life are swallowed up and lost in a profusion of diaries; the passing days defeat and destroy the years; it is a new sort of autobiographical record that men and women need in these busy times, and a life-book of the years, not of the days, ought to be placed on the market.

We know not how Admiral Fitzgerald has compiled these most entertaining memories, whether from diaries or from letters and detached notes; but his natural style, his choice of events, his unflinching candour and his thrusts of irony and humour would serve as models to anyone who would wish to write an autobiography in yearly recollections. The sub-title says that the memories end in 1905, though, as a matter of fact, they are brought down to the present year. In his last chapter Admiral Fitzgerald speaks of national service and German intrigue, relating how he worked under Lord Roberts for the National Service League, how the necessary campaigns were opposed, and how, after the outbreak of war, he went out into the highways and byways to beat up recruits for the voluntary system. It is a caustic chapter, with apt quotations, and every page is addressed to "Those amiable dreamers who are already telling us that this is going to be the last war. Of course it is going to be the last war—until the next one".

The author is very scornful concerning those who, in the period covered by his experience, have tried to rule over his country. In January 1878 he joined H.M.S. "Rapid" at Corfu, just a few years after Gladstone had given Corfu to the Greeks, withdrawing the British troops, and blowing up the fortifications, which had cost Great Britain two millions of money. For nearly six weeks in 1880 he was in Simon's Bay with Lord Clanwilliam's Detached Squadron, and one evening, when Lord Clanwilliam had a dinner-party, a telegram came to report the disaster on Majuba Hill. Idealism in England hailed this defeat as an excuse for cowardly statesmanship, and Gladstone, after sending out Lord Roberts with sufficient troops, suddenly

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gave way in order to be "magnanimous" at the cost of British prestige. And Admiral Fitzgerald has other bitter memories of the harm done by unwise politicians. In the eighteen eighties, for example, a craze for naval "economy" was exceedingly active:

"As we were never going to have another war, it was obviously a waste of money to spend it on new ships of war. Money was wanted for social reform—i.e., bribery for votes. Naval economy therefore took the form of patching up old and obsolete ships. Some were re-armed, some were re-engined, and some were unrigged; but the money spent upon these alterations would have been better expended on new ships. There was, however, a very strong argument against building new ships: they would themselves very soon become obsolete. Therefore it was better to wait until naval architects had arrived at some finality in their designs for fighting ships. Finality in naval architecture! And yet the people who used this argument were walking about loose, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum."

It was declared, too, of course, that England would irritate her neighbours if she built new ships and kept her Navy in first-rate condition. The Navy, also, was rather slack, resting on the victories won in Nelson's time. Admiral Fitzgerald speaks plainly on this point, and admits that his own passion for sport, which appears many times in these recollections, was abnormal. However this may be, it is a passion good to read about.

The author was flag-captain in command of the "Inconstant" when Lord Clanwilliam started for a two years' cruise round the world with an ill-assorted squadron of five motley ships, and the two young Princes on board the "Bacchante". Change after change was made in the programme, with the result that the sailor Princes did not go round the world. But the broken voyage was full of interest—except to Lord Clanwilliam, who suffered greatly from illness. The squadron broke up at Hong Kong, the "Bacchante" sailing with the "Cleopatra" for the Mediterranean, via the Suez Canal.

Admiral Fitzgerald speaks of his naval work ashore: first as Captain of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich (1883-85), next in the agitation which produced the Naval Defence Act of 1889, then in charge at Pembroke Dockyard (1893-95), and earlier and later as a member of the Institution of Naval Architects.

#### A SCHOOL REFORMER NOVELISING.

"April's Lonely Soldier." By S. P. B. Mais. Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.

THIS is a novel with a purpose, and it is not, as its title might lead the reader to suppose, a story of the war. It is true that there is a lonely soldier in it who writes letters (the tale is told in letters) to a Newnham girl who has been sent down. And there is a love interest, but this is merely the jam administered to disguise the author's real purpose, which is no less than to break up the whole Public School system as now existent. On this theme Mr. Mais, who, of course, knows what he is writing about, waxes eloquent, gnashes his teeth, and foams at the mouth. Over that poor, misunderstood, misguided creature, the Public School boy, the author weeps tears of pity and rage. "Here is", he seems to say, "a creature in his pristine condition fully alive to the beauty and glory of knowledge. But with a ruthless hand the modern priest of the mysteries, the headmaster of the Public School, aided by his fellows in crime, the assistant masters, tears away the beauty and leaves only the drudgery." The whole of our system is at fault. Mr. Mais can find no good in it at all, and is as angry at the cult of athletics as at the method of instruction. We seem to have heard this kind of thing before, but Mr. Mais has his own way of airing it. To point his moral he gives us a headmaster and his wife, whom he holds up for our ridicule and contempt. Nor does Mr. Mais stop at his efforts to educate the public on the question of education. He has very thoughtfully provided an exhaustive list of the fiction

and poetry that he considers all right-thinking seekers after truth and beauty should read. He accomplishes this by the device of making each of his characters in turn, when writing to another, recommend books worthy of notice. It is all modern work. Mr. Mais sets great store by the modern school; but he gives George Meredith the place of honour as a novel-writer. The book is redolent of youth and of the spring and of ardent enthusiasm, although parts of it read like a leading article in a newspaper.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"The Days of Alkibiades." By C. E. Robinson, with a Foreword by Prof. C. W. Oman. Illustrated. Edward Arnold. 5s. net.

An interest in the human and personal side of the classics is, as Professor Oman says, necessary for the beginner. About the world of Athens at its great period we have exceptional means of information. For earlier generations Becker's "Charicles", a dull affair submerged in learned notes, summarised this brilliant epoch. Boys who get hold of Mr. Robinson's chapters have a much more attractive book. He is sound in scholarship; he bases his scenes on actual events and anecdotes; he uses modern equivalents, e.g., Scotch instead of Doric; and he has a sense of English which used not to be common among pedagogues. He does not bother with controversy, but states his view as a fact, which is quite right for the readers we presume him to desire. There are, we are glad to see, very few notes, but the quotation of two phrases in German is sheer pedantry. We think it also a mistake to talk about the "Peiræus" when the boy of to-day is reading in the papers about the Piræus. Consistency in such matters is not possible, but some words, such as "Cræsus", are really English and ought to remain so.

The writer's style is agreeable, but a little elaborate. It is a mistake to use the vivid present tense. Surely Hippocides in his famous reply did not ask a question. He simply said that he did not care when he was told that he had danced away, not his wife, but his marriage.

"In German Hands: The Diary of a Severely Wounded Prisoner." By Charles Hennebois, with a Preface by Ernest Daudet. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

This volume appears in the series of "Soldiers' Tales of the Great War", which has already given us some good things, and it is a striking exposition of German cruelty and oppression. A while since some readers would have found it difficult to believe some of the incidents reported, but we now know the extremities to which the Germans have been led, or dragged, by higher orders. Their strange lack of humour and their ever active suspicion are once more revealed in startling completeness. The author had his leg amputated, and the wound was treated clumsily on purpose. When he gave a crust he could not eat to some ducks, the crime was so great that a doctor again used his wound to torture him. Through it all he maintains a wonderful bravery and spirit of patriotism, and he recognises all acts of kindness. They do not occur often, because those who do them are suspected, if not punished at once. However, in the later stage of his imprisonment he was well treated and had rational conversation with Germans who were not fiends. We hope he will write again; for even if M. Daudet had not told us so, we should have perceived in him the man of letters.

"North America." Vol. I. Canada and Newfoundland. Edited by Henry M. Ami. Maps and Illustrations. Second edition, revised. Edward Stanford. 15s. net.

Messrs. Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel" has a solid reputation as a storehouse of facts, and we are glad to see that it is kept up to date from time to time. The last edition of this volume was supervised by Dr. S. E. Dawson; that which lies before us is enlarged, and practically a new book. It embodies the changes in population, agriculture and trade, and the most recent statistics. Canada is one of the most rapidly advancing of countries, and, since the last edition was issued a great deal of geographical work has been done. Yet we are surprised to learn that there are still many unexplored regions in Canada on the north-west and north.

The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the range of the book shows what a human subject geography has become of late years.

ERRATUM.—October 14, p. 367. In first article 15 lines from end, read "less welcome" for "more welcome."

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## BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RAILWAY.

The ordinary general meeting of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Sir Henry Bell, Bart., the Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said that the Board had some degree of satisfaction in presenting the reports and accounts, which, judging by comments in the public Press, were evidently better than had been generally expected. They had had some good as well as a share of bad fortune. The season had been about an average one for oats and wheat, but, owing to the drought, maize was a comparative failure, except the earliest sown. They had carried 71,843 tons less grain, but whereas the crops grown in 1915 were nearly all carried by June 30th of that year, they actually had 221,237 tons of wheat alone awaiting transport at their stations on June 30th this year. That had largely provided the increases since recorded from week to week. The wheat and maize traffics showed considerable decreases, which were not made up by the increases in oats, linseed, and barley. The hay traffic was usually important, but the floods of 1914 had destroyed much of the alfalfa. An increase of 10 per cent. in general goods was, however, more encouraging as an earnest of better times than any other single item of traffic. In live stock the feature was the decrease of 334,727 in the number of sheep carried. But for the scarcity of shipping the company's traffic would have been considerably increased. The unheard-of rates to which freights, as a consequence, had attained had affected prices to such an extent that it paid growers better to feed stock on their grain than to ship it. Only the increased rates which they were allowed to charge during about nine months of the year had enabled them to hold their own in comparison with the previous year, when they collected £1,640,987, against £1,780,710 this year. The question of coal supply had been most important.

Dealing with the accounts, the Chairman said that their claims on the Provincial Government for properties paid for when they bought the railway, but not properly delivered, had been decided in their favour, as he told the shareholders last year, and they had received bonds for \$3,335,778 paper in settlement. There was also a special award for interest on part of the sum, which meant that they had a net revenue credit in that connection of some £30,000. Another piece of good fortune appeared in their interest, exchange, and transfer fees account, which stood at £126,737, as against £59,663. Both those were, however, abnormal credits. In the past two years the Argentine had accumulated the huge surplus of £100,000,000 of exports over imports. That gave the country enormous buying powers, and the distribution of those imports when buying again began would fill their outgoing wagons with the best paying part of their traffic. Accordingly, with the return of more settled times, he saw no reason why they should not go back to their normal or pre-war profits.

## DICK KERR & CO.

The ordinary general meeting of Dick Kerr and Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, Mr. Claud T. Cayley, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: The past year has been a strenuous one for everyone connected with the management of your company. Both your manufacturing department and your contracts department are dealing with a larger turnover than ever before, and it is greatly to the credit of the staff that this should be the case in view of the extent to which it is depleted by many members having joined His Majesty's Forces. Turning to the balance sheet, you will have observed that "capital expenditure at the works, including goodwill and patents," has been reduced. To those who know the works this will appear misleading in view of the material extensions which are in evidence. The explanation, however, is found in the item "Contracts due for works, stock of materials, etc." It was considered, for the purpose of comparison, better to keep as far as possible the expenditure in connection with abnormal works separate, and this has been done by dealing with them as separate and independent contracts. When we return to normal times there will of necessity be an adjustment between this item and that of "capital expenditure at works." The reduction in "capital expenditure, etc., at works" of over £18,000 represents, therefore, roughly speaking, the amount written off this item for normal depreciation. The auditors in their report state that "No provision has been made for the shrinkage of assets due to the present exceptional circumstances, but the usual charges for depreciation have been made." This is, of course, correct as far as the balance sheet is concerned, but I would draw your attention to certain words in the profit and loss account—namely, "after setting aside reserve for extra depreciation."

The profit earned for the year, added to the sum of £18,346 brought forward from 1915, gives us £79,296 available for appropriation. Out of this sum it is proposed to add £25,000 to the "special reserve for contingencies," which will bring the total of this reserve to £50,000. The work on which we are now engaged is abnormal in great part, and a transition period is bound to come, during which all our energies will have to be directed to re-establishing normal conditions. It is a matter of sound policy, therefore, to build up a reserve to help us over this transitional period, and this we are doing by means of the reserve I have just mentioned. With regard to the question of war taxation, it is impossible to say much at present, except that a sum has been reserved in the accounts which your directors consider sufficient to meet any claims which may be made against us. Advantage was taken during the year of an opportunity to acquire a controlling interest in the shares of Messrs. Willans and Robinson.

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# The Union Jack Club Extension

All interested in the welfare of our Sailors and Soldiers should read this powerful statement on behalf of the Union Jack Club, by

Hilaire Belloc and A. H. Pollen

**I**F one had set out, two years ago, to make reality of plans for the enlargement of such a place as the Union Jack Club, the movement would have met with sympathy and would have been accorded help by a certain class, who through contact with naval and military matters had come to realize the needs of the British Navy and Army. At that time these two forces were things apart from the ordinary life of the nation—the Army especially so, since every citizen had a part in the Navy, and had consciousness of the fact that it stood between, himself and many possible dangers, while the Army was regarded as a rather vague accessory to Naval power, a small second line, little likely to be called on—something that had its own organisation, its own ways of life, and its own resources and means.

These last two years, however, have made the Army not merely a part of the nation, but a vital factor in the whole of national life. There is in the country hardly a household that is not cognizant of the limitations of a soldier's pay and resources, and the fact that his service is not—bearing in mind the nature of that service—compensated on a scale relatively equal to any form of civilian employ. In the relative sense, the workman engaged in building, in transport work, or in any form of commercial activity, is far better remunerated than the soldier; actually this work, which involves great sacrifices, and often the greatest sacrifice, of all, can never be compensated fully, and the fact that the British Army is among the best-paid in the world does not alter the far more important fact that it is the duty of the nation to see that *all* the needs of its defensive forces are fully met.

The value of such a place as the Union Jack Club in the case of naval men cannot be over-estimated, for though the Army has been blent in to become one with the nation, the Navy is and always must remain a thing apart, by the nature of the service which its members are called on to perform. Returning home after long absence at sea these men are unfamiliar with routes and ways on land, and a haven of which they may be certain, easy of access, and providing such

**The extension of the Union Jack Club before the war was so imperatively needed that a site was secured and the plans designed. Since the war the need has become overwhelming. The Club is entirely self-supporting, but the building must be provided.**

hospitality as fits their needs, is a necessity which must not, in their best interests, be denied them. Theirs, in this respect, is the greater need, as in the interests of the Empire theirs is in the long run the greater task. Such an establishment as the Union Jack Club, dependent as it is (apart from such constructional extension as may be made) on the revenue derived from those who make use of it, could never be extended in its use unless voluntary assistance is rendered. The original plan of the Club was based on the requirements of the British Navy

and Army of two or three years ago; and both military and naval requirements of to-day have increased fifty-fold beyond what the Club is capable of fulfilling. It is the duty of the nation, as it should be the pleasure of the nation, to see that this increase of requirements is met by such enlargement as the Committee of the Club asks.

There are dangers—they have been described times out of number—in turning loose in London such men as compose our fighting forces, leaving them to find their own way to shelter and the common necessities of life when apart from their units. The Union Jack Club averts those dangers, obviates them, in that it forms a hostelry where all needs can be met adequately, reasonably, and cleanly. Night after night, with the immense increase in the demand on its accommodation, it is filled to the uttermost limit, and men are perforce turned away for lack of room—the best young-manhood of the nation is turned loose in London, often with not even elementary knowledge of what London may contain.

In this sense the Club stands for the safeguarding of the manhood of the nation, and for this alone, apart from any considerations of humanity or benevolence, it is a national duty to see that the present appeal for funds for enlargement of accommodation, and facilities for increased usefulness, shall be answered fully

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